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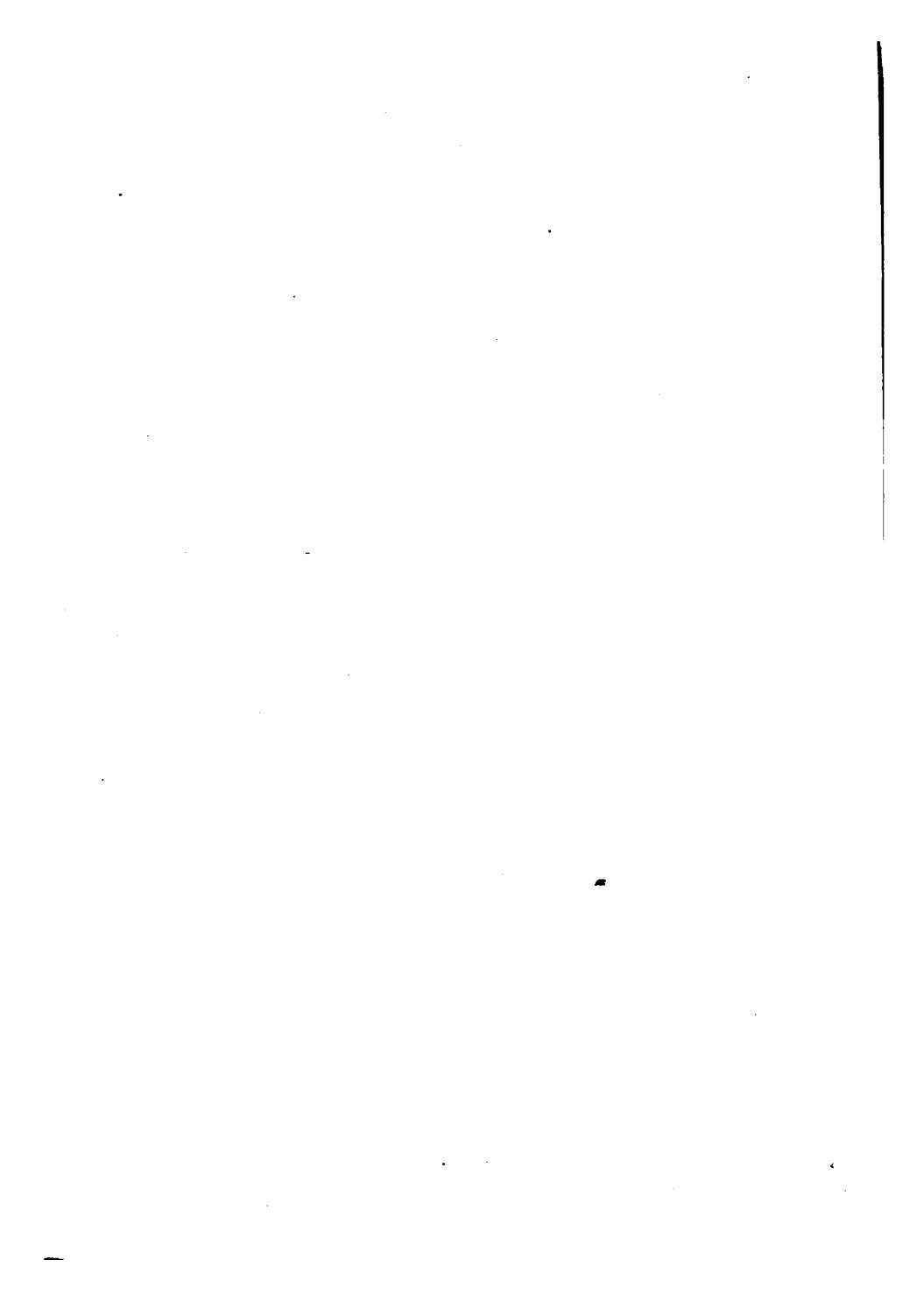


Mrs. Mayer M. Swaab Jr.

<sup>1900</sup>  
Yom Kippur.

1900

1900



# The Service - Hymnal

With an Introductory Service

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TEXT COMPILED BY

RABBI JOS. KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

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MUSIC COMPILED BY

RUSSELL KING MILLER

Organist and Choir Leader of the Reform Congregation  
Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia

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### **FOREWORD.**

**THE SERVICE HYMNAL** was prepared to meet the needs of **THE SERVICE MANUAL**, and is designed for use in the synagogue, the religious school and the home.

It contains the music of the responses and hymns of the Sabbath and Holy-Day Services, and a selection of hymns for special devotions and national festivals.

Traditional melodies have been preserved wherever possible, and the musical settings of the responses have been taken mainly from Jewish sources. The Psalms, the fountain-head of religious fervor and inspiration, have been especially drawn upon for texts of the hymns, and their metrical form is, to a large extent, the paraphrase of classical writers. A conscientious effort has been made to select tunes and texts that are easily learned, and that, at the same time, deepen devotional spirit and lend greater beauty to the service.

**THE INTRODUCTORY SERVICE** is designed for special devotions, and for the religious exercises of the Sabbath School.

### **THE COMPILERS.**

**PHILADELPHIA, June, 1904.**

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**ORGAN VOLUNTARY.**

**INVOCATION.**

**מַה-טָּבוֹ אֶחָד יְהָקֵב**

*Minister:*

O LORD, with faith in Thy grace we enter Thy house; with awe we bow down before Thee in Thy sanctuary. We love Thy habitation, O Lord ; we cherish the sacred abode of Thy glory. Here we humble ourselves before Thee. Here we breathe a holier atmosphere, and feel the blessed influences of Thy divine spirit. Here we loosen the fetters that hold us fast to the material world, and lift ourselves on the wings of lofty aspiration and pious meditation into Thy celestial realms. Here we unlock our souls and open our hearts to Thee. Here we offer before Thee our fervent prayers : in mercy accept and answer them, our God and Creator. Amen.

*Choir :*

Enter into His gates with  
thanksgiving, and into His |  
courts with praise. |  
**בָּאֹ שַׁעֲרֵיו בְּתִזְרוֹתָהּ**  
**חָאָרְתֵּי בְּתַהְלָהּ:**

Ps. c. 4.

*Congregation :*

Happy are they that dwell |  
in Thy house. They shall |  
never cease to praise Thee. |  
**אֲשֶׁר יֹשְׁבֵי בֵּיתְךָ עֹז**  
**יַהֲלֹךְ סָלָה:**

Ps. lxxxiv. 5.

## ADORATION.

**ברוך אתה ייְהוָה**

(To be read in alternate responses by Minister and Congregation.)

Unto Thee, O Lord, we render praise, honor and thanks.  
Mighty things hast Thou done for us, and in us hast Thou magnified Thy greatness and Thy goodness.

Praised be Thou for the souls and minds with which Thou hast ennobled us, and which enable us to comprehend the excellence of Thy works, and to understand the sacred mission Thou wouldest have us fill on earth.

Praised be Thou for the many dangers averted, for the frequent deliverances without which we should long since have perished, for the pleasures of our homes and associations, for all the means through which Thou hast sweetened our life and hast prospered our ways.

Praised be Thou, also, for the trials which Thou hast allotted to us, and which have rendered us both wiser and humbler, for the consolation which Thou hast imparted to us under them, and for the happy issue of them which Thou hast opened to us.

For all these, and other blessings which Thou hast vouchsafed unto us, and for those which, in Thy superior wisdom, Thou hast been pleased to deny us, we render praise and glory unto Thee, now and forever. Amen.

*Choir:*

**ברכו את ייְהוָה נִמְבְּרָך :**  
Praise ye the Lord, the  
Praise-deserving.

*Congregation:*

**ברוך ייְהוָה נִמְבְּרָך לְעוֹלָם מַעֲד :**  
Praised be the Lord, the  
Praise-deserving, forever and  
aye.

## THANKSGIVING.

הִכְלַיְךָ יְהוָה נְשֶׁמֶת כָּלִיחָיו

*Minister :*

Creator of All, unto Thee all should offer thanks; unto Thee all should render praise. For the universe and all contained therein are Thy glorious works, and their awe-inspiring excellence declares Thy greatness and Thy goodness. Thou, O Lord, givest unto nature her law. Thou openest the gates of heaven, and showerest Thy blessings upon the earth. Thou leadest forth the sun in all his glory, and the moon and stars in all their beauty, to give warmth and light to man and beast.

Were our mouths filled with sacred song as the sea with water, our tongues with melody as are its roaring billows, our lips with praise like the boundless firmament; were our eyes as brilliant as the sun and moon, our hands extended like the eagle's wings, our feet swift as the hind's— even then would we be unable worthily to praise Thee.

Fountain of all our joys, Thou art never-ceasing in Thy beneficence. There is no boundary to Thy goodness. Thou art the Infinite, nature's Lord, God in the earth below, God in the worlds circling above.

*Choir :*

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handi-work.

Ps. xix. 1.

הַשְׁמִים מִסְפָּרִים כִּכְדֹּעַ  
אֵל וְמַעֲשָׂה יְדֵיו מְגִיד  
הַרְקִיעַ:

*Congregation :*

Who is like unto Thee, O Lord? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, awe-inspiring, marvellous in works?

Exod. xv. 11.

מִיכָּמָכָה בָּאָלָם יְהוָה מִ  
בָּמָכָה נָאָר בְּקָדְשׁו נֹרָא  
תְּהִלָּתְךָ עֲשָׂה פָּلָא:

## SUPPLICATION.

רְבָּזֶן כָּל־הָעוֹלָמִים יְהִי רָצׁוֹן מֵלְפָנֶיךָ

*Minister :*

Lord of all Worlds, not our righteousness, but Thy bounteous mercy, draws us unto Thee with our fervent supplications. Thou seest the inmost thought and purpose of every soul. Thou art acquainted with all our ways, and there is not a word on our tongues, but lo ! O Lord, Thou knowest it. And what can we say to Thee, O Father ? What are we, and what is our life ? Are not even our heroes as naught in Thy sight, our men of fame as if they had never been, our learned men as though void of understanding ? Profitless would be our handiwork, vain, the days of our lives, hadst Thou not planted within us the blessed light of reason, without which we would in nowise differ from the brute.

Incline us, O Lord, to walk in the way of Thy law, and to cling steadfastly unto Thy commandments. Imbue us with noble aspirations. May evil inclinations have no control over us. May our senses be good servants unto us, and not our evil masters. May we find this day, and every day, grace and mercy in Thy sight, and in the sight of all who come in contact with us. Amen.

*Choir :*

What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him ?	מְדֻחָּא נֹשֶׁת כִּי־רַצְבָּנוּ וְגַן־אָדָם בַּי תִּפְקַדְנוּ :
--	--

Ps. viii. 5.

*Congregation :*

Lead me in Thy truth and teach me, for Thou art the God of my salvation.	הַרְרִיכָנִי בָּאֲמֹתֶךָ וְלַמְרָנִי כִּי־אַתָּה אֱלֹהִי יְשֻׁעִי :
--	--

Ps. xxv. 5.

**CONSECRATION.**

*Minister:*

Thou, O God, hast led Thy servants with unchanging love. From the very beginning of our existence hast Thou destined us for a noble mission. For it Thou didst prepare our fathers in the school of trial and tribulation, and through it they were enabled to render valuable service in the spread of a knowledge of Thee and of Thy Law. Had they not suffered, they never would have achieved. Those whom Thou choosest for Thy service, Thou mouldest in the furnace of affliction and hardenest on the anvil of adversity, to keep them vigilant at their post and mindful of their duty. Thou heedest not their sighs or tears, for Thou knowest that, in the fulness of time, they will intone their thanks for every sigh, and the world will bless them for having suffered and achieved.

Solemnly we consecrate ourselves anew to-day to the work our fathers began. Ours, too, shall be the constant aim and effort to bring ever nearer that blessed age, when all mankind's goal shall be our creed:

*ONE GOD OVER ALL;  
ONE BROTHERHOOD OF ALL;  
PEACE AND GOOD-WILL AMONG ALL.*

In joy and in sorrow, in victory and in defeat, wherever we be and whatever our lot, we will acknowledge Thy unity and holiness, and pray and toil for the speedy dawn of that day, when Thou shalt be reverenced the whole world over, and all mankind shall live in peace and unity.

*(Congregation Standing.)*

*Choir :*

Hear, O Israel : the Lord | שְׁמָעֵ יִשְׂרָאֵל " אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
is our God, the Lord is One. | יְהוָה אֶחָד:  
Deut. iv. 4.

*Congregation :*

Praised be the Lord, the | בָּרוּךְ שֵׁם כָּבֹוד מֶלֶכְתֹּנוּ  
Praise-deserving, for ever | לְעוֹלָם וְעַד:  
and aye. | Deut. vi. 4.

*Choir :*

Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! is the | קָדוֹשׁ ! קָדוֹשׁ קָדוֹשׁ  
Lord of Hosts ; the whole | צָבָאות מְלָא כָּלְדָאָהָרָן  
earth is full of His glory. | כְּבוֹדוֹ:  
Isaiah vi. 3.

*Congregation :*

The Lord shall reign for | יְמִין יְהוָה וְלְעוֹלָם אֲלֹהֵיךְ  
ever, yea, thy God, O Zion, | צִוָּן לְדֹר וְדֹר הַלְלוּיָה:  
unto all generations. Hal- | Ps. cxlvii. 10.

*Choir :*

Have we not all One | הַלֹּא אָב אֶחָד לְכָלָנוּ  
Father ? Hath not One | הַלֹּא אֶל אֶחָד בְּרָאנוּ  
God created us ? Why doth | מְדוֹעַ נָבְנֶר אִישׁ בָּאָחִיו  
brother deal treacherously | לְחַלֵּל בְּרִית אָבָתֵינוּ:  
against brother in profaning | Malachi iii. 10.

*Congregation :*

Behold how good and how | הַגָּה מִה-טוֹב וּמִה-גָּעִים  
pleasant it is for brethren to | שְׁבַת אֶחָים גַּם יְחִידָה:  
dwell together in unity. | Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

(Congregation Seated.)

(Turn to RESPONSIVE READINGS, pages 13-24.)

## ASPIRATION.

*Minister :*

It will come to pass, in the fulness of time, that the Lord's house will be exalted above all the heights and all nations will stream unto it. And many people will say : Come ye, and let us go up to the house of God, that He may teach us of His ways, and we may walk in His paths ; He will judge between the nations, and arbitrate for many peoples ; and they will beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks ; nation will not lift up sword against nation, neither will they learn war any more.

Isaiah ii. 2-4.

*Choir :*

They will not hurt nor destroy, for the earth will be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Isaiah xi. 9.

לֹא־יָרֻעُ וְלֹא־יִשְׁחַרְתּוּ  
כָּל־הָרָקֶדֶשׁ כִּימְלָאָה  
הָאָרֶץ דָּעָה אֲתִידָה  
כִּמְים לִם מְכֻפִּים :

*Congregation :*

They will sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, and none will make them afraid.

Micah iv. 4.

וַיֵּשֶׁבּוּ אִישׁ רְחַתְּנָפָנוֹ  
וּמְתַחַת הַאֲנָתוֹ וְאַזְּמָרָה :

(Read in silence by Congregation.)

Merciful Father, hasten the coming of that blessed age when peace will dwell in every heart and truth on every lip. Speed it, O God, in Thy great mercy, for we are deeply conscious that the evil of our way has but delayed its coming. O Thou, who art acquainted with all our ways, and from whom no secret can be hid, we humbly confess

our frailty before Thee. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our heart. In the eager pursuit of our own pleasures and profits, we have not always considered the rights and needs of others. We have been quick to judge others' faults, and too slow to judge our own. We do earnestly repent of our misdoings. Forgive us, O Lord. Create in us clean hearts. Make us to know ourselves. Keep our tongues from evil, and our lips from speaking guile. Teach us to love one another with pure hearts, to exercise forbearance and forgiveness, to recompense no man evil for evil. With our faces set heavenward, may we resolutely press on to do Thy will, making each new day better than the days that are gone, and ready at any moment to greet the summons to Thy nearer presence and higher service. Amen.

*Choir:*

יהוה | יהוה אל רחוי  
חנון ארך אפים ורבי חסר  
נאמת:

Exod. xxxiv. 6.

*Congregation:*

גָּזֶר חִסְדֵּךְ לְאֱלֹהִים נָשָׂא  
the thousandth generation.  
עַזְן וַפְשֵׁעַ חֲטֹאתָה וַנְקָה  
He forgives sin, but will not  
wholly clear the guilty.  
לֹא נָקָה:

Exod. xxxiv. 7.

## SELECTION FROM SCRIPTURES.

ANTHEM.

SERMON.

ANTHEM.

(Turn to MOURNERS' SERVICE, pages 23-35.)

[One of the following twelve selections of RESPONSIVE READINGS to be read at every service.]

### RESPONSIVE READINGS. I.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

*Minister :*

Let thy dealings bring no blush upon thy cheek ;  
Commit no sin in the hope of repentance.

*Congregation :*

Blessed is he whose conscience has not condemned him,  
And who has not strayed from the path of the Lord.

Turn unto the Lord and forsake thy sins ;  
Be mindful of His presence, and mend thy ways.

Flee from sin as from a serpent ;  
For if thou comest near, it will bite thee.

If thy work be great, great will be thy reward ;  
Thy Master is faithful in His payments.

He who practises justice and mercy  
Establishes the kingdom of Heaven in this world.

Unhappy is he who mistakes the branch for the tree ;  
Unhappy he who misjudges the shadow for the substance.

Life is but a loan to man ;  
Death is the creditor who will one day claim it.

Though thou canst not complete thy work,  
Thou art not free from doing all thou canst.

Thy yesterday is thy past ; thy to-day thy future ;  
Thy to-morrow is a secret.

The best preacher is the heart ;  
The best teacher is time.

The best book is the world ;  
The best friend is God.

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

### HYMN.

(Return to page 11.)

## RESPONSIVE READINGS. II.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

*Minister :*

If the thoughts of thy heart be pure,  
Even so will be the works of thy hand.

*Congregation :*

*Thou mayest deceive men by outward appearance ;  
But remember the Lord looks into the heart.*

Accustom thyself to do good ;  
Before long it will become an easy task.

*Never forget the merits which thou hast not,  
Nor think too much of the good thou hast done.*

When night falls or day dawns,  
Search well into the nature of thy dealings.

*As God's mercy is great, so is His correction ;  
He judges a man according to his works.*

The Lord has endowed man with reason,  
And left him the choice of free will.

*He has set fire and water before thee :  
Thou art free to choose whichever thou wilt.*

The righteous say little and do much ;  
Precept without example is no precept.

*If wise thou art and rich,  
Let thy good deeds display thy wisdom and thy wealth.*

He that gives alms in good health, gives gold ;  
In sickness, silver ; in his last will, copper.

*Be as a father unto the fatherless,  
And thou shalt be as a son to the Most High.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

## HYMN.

(Return to page 11.)

**RESPONSIVE READINGS. III.**

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

*Minister :*

Winnow not with every wind,  
And walk not in every path.

*Congregation :*

*Be steadfast in thy conviction,  
And let thy speech be one and the same.*

Be swift to hear,  
But with deliberation give answer.

*If thou hast insight, answer thy neighbor ;  
But if not, lay thy hand upon thy mouth.*

Sow not upon the furrows of unrighteousness,  
And thou shalt not reap them seven-fold.

*Envy not the glory of a sinner,  
For thou knowest not what will be his end.*

Delight not in that in which the ungodly delight ;  
Remember that they go not unpunished.

*He who touches pitch will be defiled ;  
He who associates with a proud man will become proud.*

Prove thy soul by thy life ;  
See what is evil for it, and abstain from it.

*Sacrifice thy will for the good of others,  
And thou wilt find others yield to thee.*

Make thyself lovable to man,  
And thou wilt be beloved in the sight of God.

*That which is hateful unto thee,  
That do not unto another.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

HYMN.

(Return to page 11.)

## RESPONSIVE READINGS. IV.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

*Minister:*

Do not evil and evil will not befall thee.  
 Love thy fellow-men, and by them wilt thou be beloved.

*Congregation:*

*Turn not life into ceaseless toil ;  
 Spend it wisely, and aid others to do likewise.*

He who craves for what is not his  
 Will in the end lose what he has.

*He is rich who is satisfied with his lot ;  
 And he is wise who does much with little.*

Kind words will multiply one's friends ;  
 And a pleasant tongue will increase kind greetings.

*Unity of brethren and love of neighbors  
 Are blessings of the Lord.*

Be careful to meet men kindly,  
 And keep thyself aloof from contention.

*A good man will be surely for his neighbor ;  
 But he that is shameless will fail him.*

Have regard to thy name,  
 For that shall profit above treasures of gold.

*The fear of the Lord is wisdom,  
 And fidelity and humility are His delight.*

The fear of the Lord keeps from sin ;  
 Awe of God brings gladness and life.

*With him who feareth the Lord it shall be well,  
 And he will be honored in life and in death.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

## HYMN.

(Return to page 11.)

## RESPONSIVE READINGS. V.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

*Minister :*

Before retiring, banish ill will against thy neighbor;  
 As thou wouldest have thy sin forgiven, pardon his.

*Congregation :*

*Even a long life has but few days,  
 But a good name endures for ever.*

In the hour of death, wealth proves no companion ;  
 But virtue attends the righteous even beyond the grave.

*Happy the man who is rich in good deeds,  
 For he shall be honored in life and in death.*

Be not wise in words, but in deeds ;  
 Not learning, but doing, makes the true life.

*Some are old in their youth,  
 And others are young in old age.*

Judge a man by his deeds,  
 And thou wilt not be led to false judgment.

*Say little and do much,  
 For by thy action shalt thou be judged.*

Let not thy wisdom exceed thy deeds ;  
 Lest like a tree thou have many branches and few roots.

*Have regard to thy name,  
 For that shall be exalted above treasures of gold.*

The righteous need no epitaphs :  
 Their deeds are their monuments.

*Burden not thyself with the cares of to-morrow ;  
 Live to-day, and live it well.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.—Mediæval Rabbis.

## HYMN.

(Return to page 11.)

## RESPONSIVE READINGS. VI.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

*Minister :*

Contend for the truth unto death,  
 And the Lord will establish thy cause.

*Congregation :*

*Do not speak against the truth ;  
 And when thou lackest knowledge, keep silent.*

Trust not to power wrongfully gotten :  
 It will not avail thee in the day of trouble.

*Make not thyself an underling to a foolish man,  
 And humble not thyself before the mighty.*

Devise not falsehood against thy brother ;  
 Neither do the like against thy friend.

*Utter no falsehood at all,  
 For the habit of it comes not to good.*

Say not, I will hide myself from the Lord,  
 For who from above will be mindful of me ?

*Truth is the bridge that connects earth and heaven.  
 In the crown of virtue truth is the brightest jewel.*

He who strives for truth and speaks it  
 Is better than he who gives charity or does penance.

*Purity of body comes by water ; purity of mind, by truth ;  
 The lamp of truth is a light to knowledge.*

Falsehood is common, truth is rare ;  
 Yet truth endures while falsehood must flee.

*Truth is the signet of the Lord ;  
 He who has truth in his heart has God for his guide.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

## HYMN.

(Return to page 11.)

**RESPONSIVE READINGS. VII.**

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

*Minister :*

Deliver the oppressed from the hand of the oppressor,  
And be not faint-hearted when thou judgest.

*Congregation :*

*Have no respect of persons when thou judgest,  
And let not fear cause thee to do wrong.*

Refrain not from speaking when thou shouldst speak,  
And hide not thy wisdom as a treasure.

*As birds flock with their kind,  
So do the evil consort with their like.*

A wise ruler will give peace unto his people,  
And the government of a prudent man is well ordered.

*An uninstructed master destroys his people,  
But through a God-fearing ruler the land will flourish.*

Pride is hateful before the Lord and man,  
And against both does it commit iniquity.

*Because of wrongs, violence and greed,  
Dominion passes from nation to nation.*

The Lord casts down the thrones of the haughty,  
And puts the meek in their stead.

*He takes the power from the great, and destroys them,  
And makes their memory cease from the earth.*

Oppression and injustice shall be blotted out ;  
But true dealing shall endure forever.

*The goods of the unjust shall dry up like a stream,  
And shall die away like thunder in a rain.*

Ben Sirach.

**HYMN.**

(Return to page 11.)

## RESPONSIVE READINGS. VIII.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

*Minister :*

Think, O man, of all thy great gifts,  
And make use of them according to their worth.

*Congregation :*

*Consider whence thou comest and whither thou goest,  
And thou wilt not easily be led to sin.*

The plant is robed with beauty, the animal with strength;  
But God has distinguished man above both.

*He filled him with intelligence and insight,  
And showed him good and evil.*

He set His eyes upon his heart,  
That He might show him the greatness of His work.

*Though man is but dust and ashes,  
Yet is his soul the image of God.*

Man's bones and flesh link him to the animal ;  
But his soul unites him with the spirit of the Lord.

*Because mind has been given to man, much is expected ;  
Wrongful use of his blessings is returning ill for good.*

God has revealed unto man what is good,  
And has given him choice between right and wrong.

*Free will and a heart God gave to man,  
That he might consider his ways and keep pure.*

Honor man for what he has ;  
Yet honor him more for the use he makes of it.

*Honor man for what he is ;  
Yet honor him more for what he does.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.—Mediæval Rabbis.

## HYMN.

*Return to page 11.)*

## RESPONSIVE READINGS. IX.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

*Minister :*

If thou dost aim to serve the Lord,  
 Prepare thyself for tribulation.

*Congregation :*

*Set thy heart aright, and be steadfast,*  
*And despair not in time of visitation.*

Cleave unto Him and withdraw not thyself,  
 Thou shalt have thy recompense in thy latter days.

*All that comes upon thee accept,*  
*And be patient in thy humiliation.*

Whatever the Almighty does is for thy best ;  
 The balm was created by God before the wound.

*Be resigned under thy sufferings ;*  
*Praise God for evil as well as good.*

Look at the generations of old, and see :

Who trusted in the Lord and was made ashamed ?

*Or who abode in His fear, and was forsaken ?*

*Or who called upon Him, and He overlooked him ?*

Better present trial and future joy  
 Than a life of ease that ends in sin.

*Riches and strength lift up the heart ;*  
*But the trust in the Lord is above both.*

Woe unto them that have lost patience !

What will they do when the Lord shall visit them ?

*They that fear the Lord will trust in Him ;*

*For as is His greatness, so also is His mercy.*

Ben Strach.—Talmud.

## HYMN.

(Return to page 11.)

## RESPONSIVE READINGS. X.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

*Minister :*

At first sin is an indifferent stranger ;  
 Later a welcome guest ; at last the master.

*Congregation :*

*Better to suffer the derision of man  
 Than to be a sinner in the eyes of God.*

Humble thyself before death is nigh ;  
 In the days of thy might repent of thy sins.

*Repent ye to-day,  
 For to-morrow ye may be summoned.*

Even when the gates of heaven are shut to prayer  
 They are wide ajar to the penitent's tear.

*Unto them that repent He grants return,  
 And comforts those whose confidence fails.*

With the same measure that we mete,  
 It shall be measured to us again.

*He that judges his fellow-men in mercy,  
 In mercy will be judged by God.*

Rejoice not when thine enemy falls,  
 And let not thy heart be glad when he stumbles.

*Say not, " I will avenge the wrong ; "  
 Do thou the right ; leave judgment to the Lord.*

When a man has atoned, greet him kindly ;  
 Reproach him not, for no one is free from sin.

*Of all things that man can do,  
 The noblest is to forgive.*

Ben Sirach.—Talmud.

## HYMN.

(Return to page 11.)

## RESPONSIVE READINGS. XI.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

*Minister :*

Occupy the body and mind, though not to excess ;  
 And trust not to thy family inheritance.

*Congregation :*

*Work with zeal, not with greed ;*  
*He who is content with his portion is blessed.*

Be not envious of another's possessions,  
 Lest thou be filled with bitterness.

*Covet not what is in the hands of others,*  
*Lest thy days be wasted in pain and grief.*

He who is too eager to rise above his position  
 Will never be free from care.

*If thou canst not attain what thou desirest,*  
*Seek enjoyment in what thou hast.*

Let not the love of gain be stronger in thy sight  
 Than a promise made in public or private.

*Refrain from sharp practice and evasions :*  
*Thou wilt lose all thou gainest thereby.*

If thou desirest but what thou needest, a little will suffice ;  
 If more than thou needest, nothing will suffice.

*Woe to him who builds his house upon what is not his :*  
*Swiftly it will bury him under its ruin.*

Seek not to enjoy what is not thine ;  
 For in the end thou wilt lose joy in what thou hast.

*Flee far from acquiring possessions unjustly ;*  
*But help others to establish their own.*

Mediæval Rabbis.

## HYMN.

(Return to page 11.)

## RESPONSIVE READINGS. XII.

(To be read alternately by Minister and Congregation.)

*Minister :*

Let the poor rejoice in thy joy,  
 In thy plenty share with them thy blessings.

*Congregation :*

*At the gates of the wealthy, friends are frequent ;  
 At the gates of the poor they are seldom seen.*

Cease not doing good to whomever you can ;  
 Befriend the deserving, whoever he may be.

*Assist the needy, comfort the mourning,  
 Whether they be of thy creed or not.*

Strengthen the weak, and satisfy the hungry :  
 Be to them a tower of strength.

*Entertain the stranger, gladden the little ones ;  
 Let your face shine upon the humble.*

Look upon thy wealth, and see what thou canst spare ;  
 Look upon the poor, and see what they need.

*He who gives charity in secret honors the poor ;  
 Better not to give than cause shame by giving.*

Let thy alms-giving not encourage alms-asking.  
 It is better to lend to the poor than to give.

*There is nothing so great as love,  
 And nothing so good as acts of loving kindness.*

Charity contains its own reward ;  
 According to its love is its recompense.

*Do as thou wouldest be done by is the root of the law ;  
 All other precepts are its branches.*

Talmud.—Mediæval Rabbis.

## HYMN.

(Return to page 11.)

[One of the following six Introductorys to the Kaddish to be read at every service.]

**MOURNERS' SERVICE. I.**

Ye who mourn a recent loss, and ye who commemorate to-day the anniversary of the loss of some near and dear one, listen to the consolation of religion.

God has given, and God has taken. Your dear departed are at rest.

"They have landed on that other shore,  
Where billows never break nor tempests roar."

The strokes of death are hard, yet there is healing in their stripes. Death frequently lays his hand upon many a heart and heals it for ever. Often, very often, death is not a calamity, not a punishment, but a blessing. It is so for the dead, and no less so for the living. Our best virtues often develop only in the darkness and trials of death. Shallow and loose-rooted is the tree that has known only sunshine, that has never felt the wrench and shock of the gale. Your dear ones have entered the higher sphere, while we still struggle on, doing imperfectly the noble and disinterested things we are enjoined to do. Enthralled with care, we drudge on in this material life, but they have heard the call and gone before. God grant that we may be ready to follow whenever He beckons for us.

Rise, ye mourners, and, as ye piously honor the memory of your dead, pray with us that virtue and piety may be more and more perfectly shown in our lives; that we may feel that we are not altogether of this world; that while our feet press the soil here, our hearts and minds may be in the spiritual realms with God; that when at last all temptations are over, all sufferings past, all trials ended, we may go to our eternal sleep, taking with us the regrets and the blessings of all who knew us or knew of us. Amen.

(*Mourners Rose.*)

**KADDISH.**

(See page 32.)

**MOURNERS' SERVICE. II.**

O Thou, Father of Life and Death, humbly we entreat Thee to comfort those who need and seek Thy consolation. Whisper to their sorrowing souls words of peaceful submission and of strengthening hope. Give them the assurance that there is some meaning in their visitation which they cannot now comprehend, but which some day may prove to them that there is more of blessing in their affliction than of sorrow.

Lead them to think of the departed rather as living than dead,—living in the hearts of their dear ones, in the blessed memories they have left behind, in the noble deeds they have wrought, in the sweet and happy influences they have exercised, which neither death nor time can efface.

Lead them to look upon the bright side of death. May their tears not so blind them as not to see that the departed are at rest, that pain can no longer rack them, nor care harass them, nor wrong grieve them—that they have passed beyond the reach of frown or threat or blow, that they are now in Thy loving care and blessed keeping.

May it please Thee, O Lord, speedily to turn these mourners' affliction into blessing. May they recognize in their visitation a secret call to higher work, to larger usefulness, to a fuller understanding of the real purposes of life, that when, in the fulness of time, their summons comes, their departure may be as deeply mourned as now they themselves mourn those who have already obeyed Thy call. Amen.

(*Mourners Rise.*)

**KADDISH.**

(*See page 32.*)

**MOURNERS' SERVICE. III.**

There are two ways of mourning for the dead. There is a mourning of despair that looks upon the grave as the end of all, and there is that other mourning, that reads written athwart the open grave the word immortality. Religion takes from mourning its keenest edge by holding out the rational hope of life's sunrise elsewhere, after sunset here. From within the heart there is wafted to us a whisper, faint, yet strong enough to banish every gnawing pang and remove every troubling doubt—soft and gentle, yet strong enough to make the open grave not a harrowing pit of merciless annihilation, but the welcome portal through which man passes to a new life, higher and better than this.

Think of this, all ye sorrowing and heavy-laden, and you will behold a light arising from the tomb which no darkness can quench and no grief obscure. Our imperfections require perfecting. Our wrongs must be righted. Suffering innocence must be requited. There are innate within us latent capacities which are prophetic of a future, but unattainable in our present state. There must be a state that shall afford scope for the realization of that perfection after which our souls aspire.

Rise ye, therefore, ye who mourn and ye who weep, as in memory of the departed ye recite the Kaddish Prayer. May it breathe to you the blessed consolation, that, though dead, they still live, somewhere, unknown to us, but known to God, from whom all life comes and to whom all life goes. Amen.

(*Mourners Rise.*)

**KADDISH.**

(See page 38.)

**MOURNERS' SERVICE. IV.**

Every affliction, every bereavement, every disappointment may be made to serve the good of all; and that simply by being borne without murmur. The spirit of resignation sheds upon a human life an almost superhuman beauty. No man or woman can brave suffering with heroic patience, and not inspire the dullest neighbor with reverence and humility. The knowledge that affliction may be made to serve others will convert suffering into sacrifice, will give a holy meaning to pain, will fill it with supreme worth. If we can look upon all our sorrows as instruments of final good, as means to develop our reason and to unfold our faculties, or as being borne for the good of others, then will we find peace and strength in the affliction, and the cup of bitterness will turn to sweetness. By suffering we shall become purified, and, being purified, we shall purify others. To the neglected we will be a friend; to those in moral danger, a guard; to the weak we will bring encouragement; to the erring, self-respect; to the ignorant, knowledge; to the sorrowing, an inward joy; and unto ourselves, contentment and hope.

May such a blessed resignation be yours, ye mourners. May your afflictions become unto you instruments for good. May light arise from that which now seems dark. For the one heart, which you can no more cheer, there are thousands of living sufferers, longing for such cheer. May you weave into your Kaddish Prayer the noble resolution to answer their longing, and to hear their prayer. Amen.

*(Mourners Rise.)*

**KADDISH.**

*(See page 32.)*

**MOURNERS' SERVICE. V.**

Life is a discipline, the world a school, and the only way to understand it is to learn the true end of our training. The child at school, who pores over hard lessons till the page is bedewed with tears, may think that parents and teacher are cruel, having no better design than to ruin his happiness. But, when he stands with his back on his childhood, and his face set toward the world of earnest life, the tears he sheds are tears of gratitude that parents and teachers kept him to the hard toil of preparation. Even so when on the threshold of eternity we shall look back over our lives, we shall see why heavy burdens were laid upon our hearts.

It is not the life of ease that develops the truest character or that brings man nearest to God. All the difference between bullion and coin is in the smelting. All the difference between a wilderness and a garden is wrought by weeding and pruning. All the difference between a block of marble and a statue is produced by the mallet and the chisel.

The best and truest and most sympathetic men and women are those who have suffered and have been bereaved. Hearts which rejoice cannot come so near to each other as hearts which grieve. Tears mingle more perfectly than smiles. Tears lead to God. Tears knit us closer to our fellow-men, light us into the sanctuary of our true selves. May ye who are now worshipping in the sanctuary of sorrow become so consecrated there, that henceforth ye may become a joy and an inspiration to the living. Amen.

(*Mourners Rise.*)

**KADDISH.**

(See page 32.)

**MOURNERS' SERVICE. VI.**

Under the rod of affliction there often is seen a fatherly affection. The fiery furnace of tribulation will often soften the heart which reason could not touch. There are hearts that need the cutting, even as the hard ground needs the plough. The best ground, untilled, soonest gives forth rank weeds. Like the sheaves, there are men that will display the best that is in them only under the flail.

There is a self-love, a pride, a boastfulness that blinds the eye against every suffering of others, and against every sin, until its own pain puts a healing balm upon it, and makes it suddenly clear-sighted. The vine that is left alone, that never feels the pruning-hook, degenerates to wildness, and produces no wholesome fruit; whereas the most delicious fruit grows there where the vintager with his knife of affliction cuts away all that bars the sunlight and prevents a healthy growth. We are often furthered by our afflictions in attaining virtue. They are as a thorny hedge to keep us in our right course, to prevent us from wandering into the by-paths of sin.

Affliction is also educative to those still spared. As the wise physician does not only apply medicine for the cure of the disease, but also gives preservatives to maintain health, so afflictions come not only to the afflicted to purge away inward corruption, but also as a warning unto the spared.

May the sorrows of others exercise a chastening influence upon us. May they keep us from too great a trust in ourselves. May we remember our dependence on higher will and wisdom, and in that remembrance find our light and see our duty. Amen.

(*Mourners' Rite.*)

**KADDISH.**

(See page 32.)

**MEMORIAL PRAYER.**

*(On the anniversary of the death of a member of the family.)*

O Thou, Comforter of the comfortless, those whom death once smote heavily seek Thy presence to-day in commemoration of their dear departed. Reverently they pour forth their gratitude that they have learned to bow submissively to Thy decrees. Thou hast poured healing balm into their wounds and their souls are comforted. Faith and hope have stilled the heart which in the days of its bereavement reason could not solace nor friendship soothe.

There are those who recall to-day the time when they were permitted to live in closest bonds of love with a dear departed; and there are those who think of a precious dear one taken from them at a time when they were still too young to realize their loss. These are grateful that, though early bereaved, the blessed influence of the departed has been their invisible stay and support; the others find comforting assurance in this anniversary service that, though death wrested dear ones from them, though it bereft the heart and desolated the home, it could not conquer love nor rob affection of its happy memories and blessed hopes.

Grant them, O God, thy further solace. Remove yet every lingering vestige of their great sorrow. May they show their true appreciation of the dear departed by following the good example set, the noble lessons taught, the solemn injunctions given.

And may this Memorial Day stimulate in us all such worthy conduct in the future that when, in due time, our summons comes, we may leave behind a name deserving of grateful commemoration by kin and by friend. Amen.

*(Mourners Rise.)*

**KADDISH.**

*(See page 32.)*

## KADDISH.

Exalted and Hallowed be  
the name of the Lord.

Man is of few days, and  
full of trouble. He cometh  
forth like a flower, and is cut  
down; he fleeth as a shadow,  
and continueth not. All are  
of dust, and all turn to dust  
again. There the wicked cease  
from troubling, and there the  
weary are at rest. There the  
fettered are free; there they  
hear not the voice of the op-  
pressor. The small and the  
great are there. The dust  
alone returns to dust; the  
spirit returns to God, who  
gave it. In the way of right-  
eousness is life, and in the  
pathway thereof there is no  
death.

May the Lord of the Uni-  
verse grant plenteous peace,  
and a goodly reward, and  
grace and mercy, unto Israel,  
and unto all who have de-  
parted from this life. Amen.

May He who maintains the  
harmony of the universe  
vouchsafe unto all of us peace  
for evermore. Amen.

וַיְתַגֵּל וַיִּתְקֹדֶשׁ שְׁמַה רְبָא:  
אָדָם קָצֵר יָמִים וַיַּבְעֲרֵנוּ  
כָּצֵין יָצָא וַיַּקְלֵל וַיִּבְרָח בָּאֵל  
וְלֹא יַעֲמֹד: רַבֵּל הִיה מִן־  
הַעֲפָר וַיַּכְלֵל שָׁב אֶל הַעֲפָר:  
שֵׁם רְשָׁעִים חִדְלָוּ רְגָנוּ וְשֵׁם  
יְנֻחוֹתִים נְגַנְּיוּ כֵּחַ: יְחִיד אַסְפָּרִים  
שָׁאַנְנוּ לֹא שְׁמַעוּ קֹול נְגַשׁ  
קָטָן וְגָדוֹל שֵׁם הוּא: וַיִּשְׁבַּ  
הַעֲפָר אֶל הָאָרֶץ בְּשַׁתְּחָה  
וְהַרְוחַת פָּטוּבָה אֶל הָאֱלֹהִים  
אֲשֶׁר נָתַנָּה: בְּאַחֲצָדָקָה  
חַיִּים וְרַקְבָּנִיתָבָה אַלְמָמוֹת:  
עַל יִשְׂרָאֵל וְעַל־בְּלִי־מִן  
דָּאַתְּפָטֵר מִן עַלְמָא דָרְוִין  
יְהָא לְהָזֵן שְׁלָמָא רְבָא  
חוֹלְקָא טְבָא לְחָזֵן עַלְמָא  
דָּאַתִּי וְחַסְדָּא וְרַחֲמָי  
מִזְכָּרָם מַרְאָה שְׁמִיא  
וְאַרְעָא. וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:  
עֲשֵׂה שָׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוְמִיוֹ  
הָוּא יִعְשֶׂה שָׁלוֹם עַלְינָנוּ  
וְאִמְרוּ אָמֵן:

(Mourners Seated.)

**CLOSING PRAYER.**

*(To be read by Minister and Congregation.)*

O God, be graciously pleased to take us under Thy Fatherly care. Implant within our hearts a grateful sense of Thy goodness, and an abiding faith in the wisdom of Thy decrees. Dispose us to dedicate our souls and minds and hearts to Thee in a righteous and useful life. Keep us temperate in our desires, faithful in our labors, and content with our rewards. Incline us to be just in all our dealings, and ready to do good to all. Make our thoughts, our words, our deeds testimonies that Thou alone rulest within us, and that the peace and well-being of our fellowmen lie nearest to our hearts. May the words of our lips and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in Thy sight, O Thou, to whom every soul is bare and every heart is open. Amen.

**CLOSING HYMN.**

**BENEDICTION.**

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TRANSLITERATION OF HEBREW  
VOWEL SOUNDS.

a = a in fall	i = i in machine
ā = a in what	ī = i in hide
ă = a in American	ō = o in nō
ē = e in they	ō = u in lull
ĕ = e in fēd	ū = oo in fool
ę = e in element	ü = u in full

## ASH' RÊ.

*Russell King Miller.*

*mf*

Ash - 'rê yôsh' - vê vê - së - châ.

ôd ye - ha - la lû - châ sê - la.

## BARUCH.

*Sulzer.**Choir.*

Ba - re - chû ês A - dô - noi ham - me - vô -

rach. Ba - rûch A - dô - noi ham - me - vô - rach leô - lam vô - ed.

Cong.

**BARUCH.***(New Year and Atonement.)**Traditional.*

Musical notation for the New Year and Atonement Baruch. The music is in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The lyrics "Ba-ruch A-dō - noi ham-me-vō - rāch leō - lām vō - ēd." are written below the notes.

**BARUCH.***(Passover.)**Traditional.*

Musical notation for the Passover Baruch. The music is in common time, key signature of one sharp (F#), and consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The lyrics "Ba-ruch A-dō - noi ham-me-vō - rāch leō - lām vō - ēd." are written below the notes.

## MÎCHÂMÔCHÂ.

*Sulzer.*

Mî - châ - mō - châ ba - ê - lîm A - dô - noi

Mî - châ - mō - châ Ně - dar baq - qō - dêsh

Nô - ra sehil - lôs, ô - sê fê - lê.

**MÎCHAMÔCHA.***A. Kaiser.*

Mî - cha - mō - cha ba - è - lîm A - dō - noi

Mî - cha - mō - cha Nĕ - dar baq - qo-desh Nō -

ra se - hil - lōs ö - sê fe - le.

From the Union Hymnal by permission of  
The Central Conference of American Rabbis.

## MÎCHAMÔCHA.

(New Year and Atonement.)

*Traditional.*

Mî - châ - mō - châ bâ - ê - lîm

A - dô - noi Mî - châ - mō - châ Nê - dar bâq - qô - dêsh

Nô - râ sehil - lôs ô - sê fê - lê.

# MICHAMOCHA.

(Passover.)

*Traditional.*

*p*

Mî - cha - mō - cha bâ - ê - lîm A-

dô - noi Mî - châ - mō - châ ně - dâr baq -

qô - dêsh Nô - râ seňîl - lôs ô - sê fê - lë.

## HADRICHENI.

*arr. from Sulzer.*

Had - ri - chê - ni va - a - mit -

tê cha velamme - dé - ni ki at -

ta e - lo hé yish - i

## SHEMA.

*f*

Schma Yis - ra - êl a - dô - noi e - lô

hé - nû a - dô - noi ē - chad

## BARUCH SHÊM.

*Russell King Miller.*

*mf*

Ba - ruch shêm ke vôd male - chû - sô le - ô - lam va - éd.

## QADÓSH.

*Sulzer.*

Qad - osh, qad - osh, qad - osh, A - dō - .

noi tseva - os melō chol hä - a - rētz kevō - dō.

## YIMLÖCH.

*Sulzer.*

Yim - lōch a - dō - noi leō - lam e - lō - ha - yich tsî - .

ôn le - dōr - vā - dōr hä - la - lū - yah.

**HALŌ.***Russell King Miller.*

*m*

Ha - lō av ē - chad le - chūl - a - nū ha -  
 lō ēl e - chad berā - a - nū mād - dū - a niv-gad īsh be -  
 a - chīv le - chal - lēl beris a vō - sē mū.

**HINNĒ.***Russell King Miller.*

*p*

Hin-nē mātōv ū ma na - īm shē - vēs a - chīmgam ya - chad.

## TÔRAS ADÔNOI.

*Russell King Miller.*

Tô - ras A - dô - noi temî - mä

Meshi - vas na - fesh ê - dûs A - dô - noi Nê-

é - ma - na mach - ki - mas pë - si.

## PIQQUDÊ ADÔNOI.

*Russell King Miller.*

Piq - qu - dê A - dô - noi' Yesħar - - īm

Mesamme - chē lēv mītz - vas A - dō - noi bā - .

rā me - i - rās, me - ī - ras ê - nā - yim.

## YIRAS ADONOI.

*Russell King Miller.*

Yi - ras A - dō - noi tehō - ra

ō - mē - dēs lō - ad, o - mē - dēs lō - ad mish pe -

tē A - dō - noi ēm - ēs tsōde - qū yach - dav.

## ÊTS CHAIYÎM.

Sulzer.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle for the alto, and the bottom for the bass. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal parts are accompanied by a piano or organ part, indicated by the bass and harmonic staves below the vocal lines. The lyrics are written below each staff in a combination of Hebrew and English transliteration. The first section of the hymn starts with "Êts-chai-yîm hî lam-mâ - cha zi-qîm bâh". The second section begins with "Vesô-me-chê-hâ, me-û-shar me-û - shar dera-chê-hâ". The third section concludes with "dare-chê nô - am ve-chôl ne-sî-vô - sê-hâ sha - lôm."

Êts-chai-yîm hî lam-mâ - cha zi-qîm bâh

Vesô-me-chê-hâ, me-û-shar me-û - shar dera-chê-hâ

dare-chê nô - am ve-chôl ne-sî-vô - sê-hâ sha - lôm.

## THE DAY OF REST.

*T. B. Southgate.*

Come, O Sab - bath day, and bring Peace and  
heal-ing on thy wing, And to ev - 'ry trou-bled  
breast Speak of the di - vine be - hest: Thou shalt rest!

Earthly longings bid retire,  
Quench our passions' hurtful fire;  
To the wayward,sin-oppressed,  
Bring thou the divine behest:  
Thou shalt rest!

Wipe from every cheek the tear,  
Banish care and silence fear,  
All things working for the best,  
Teach the one divine behest:  
Thou shalt rest!

**GOD'S OMNISCIENCE.**

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The time signature varies between common time and 2/4 time across the staves. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The lyrics are:

O Lord, Thy all dis - cern-ing eyes My  
in-most pur - pose see; My deeds, my words, my  
thoughts a - rise, A - like dis - closed to Thee! My  
sit - ting down, my ris - ing up, Broad noon and deep - est

night, My path, my pillow,  
and my cup Are op - en to Thy sight...

Before, behind, I meet Thine eye,  
And feel Thy heavy hand;  
Such knowledge is for me too high  
To reach or understand;  
What of Thy wonders can I know?  
What of Thy purpose see?  
Where from Thy Spirit shall I go?  
Where from Thy presence flee?

If I ascend to heaven on high,  
Or make my bed below,  
Or take the morning's wings and fly  
O'er ocean's ebb and flow,  
Or seek from Thee a hiding-place  
Amid the gloom of night—  
Alike to Thee are time and space,  
The darkness and the light.

## THE BIBLE

Psalm XIX v. 8 - 10.

J. B. Calkin

Here is the spring wherewa-ters flow To quench our fire of sin,

Here is the tree where truth doth grow To lead our lives there-in.

Here is the judge that stays the strife  
When men's devices fail;  
Here is the bread that feeds the life  
Which death cannot assail.

The tidings of a brighter sphere  
Come to our ears from hence;  
The fortress of our fate is here,  
The shield of our defence.

## LEAD ME ARIGHT.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be — A pleas - ant road;  
 I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load.  
 I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
 Beneath my feet,  
 I know too well the poison and the sting  
 Of things too sweet.

For one thing only Lord, our God, I plead:  
 Lead me aright,  
 Tho' strength should falter and tho' heart should bleed,  
 Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
 Full radiance here:  
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
 Without a fear.

I do not ask my fate to understand,  
 My way to see:  
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
 And follow Thee.

**PRESENT DUTY.**

Look a-round thee! Say how long Shall the earth be ruled by wrong.

When shall er-ror flee a-way, And this dark-ness turn to day?

When will evil from the soul  
Render back its dread control?  
When shall all men duty see,  
And the world be pure and free?

Rouse thee from the mental strife;  
Gird thee for the task of life!  
With the sword and with the shield,  
Forward to the battle-field!

"On!" a thousand voices cry  
Through the earth and from the sky,  
"Up! Heaven's light is on thy brow!  
Let thy work be here and now!"

## GOODNESS OF GOD.

God, thou art good! each per-fumed flower, The wav-ing  
 field, the dark green wood, The in-sect flutt-ring for an  
 hour,— All things pro - claim that God is good.

Each little rill, that many a year  
 Has the same verdant path pursued,  
 And every bird, in accents clear,  
 Join in the song that God is good.

The restless sea, with haughty roar,  
 Calms each wild wave and billows rude,  
 Retreats submissive from the shore,  
 And swells the chorus, "God is good."

The countless hosts of twinkling stars  
 That sing His praise with light renewed;  
 The rising sun each day declares,  
 In rays of glory, "God is good."

The moon, that walks in brightness, says  
 That God is good; and man, endued  
 With power to speak his Maker's praise,  
 Should still repeat that God is good.

GOODNESS OF GOD.  
MAN.*J. Langran.*

Oh what is man, great Mak - er of man-kind, That Thou to  
 him hast drawn in love so near; That Thou a - dorn - est  
 him with such a mind, Mak'st him a king and e'en an an-gel's peer?

Oh, what a busy life, what heavenly power,  
 What spreading Virtue, what a sparkling fire,  
 How great, how plentiful, how rich a storey! T  
 Dost Thou within the mortal frame inspire!  
 Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of Thine,  
 But Thy whole image I nowhere canst see fit;  
 There cannot be a creature more divine; T  
 Except, like Thee, it should be infinite; T  
 Nor hath He giv'n these blessings for a day  
 Nor made them on the body's life depend;  
 The soul, though made in time, strivesq for E  
 And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

## THE MIND HAS NO TO-DAY.

W. H. Monk.

The mind has no to - day! The pre-sent things Are  
 for the sens-es, nev-er for the soul; Back-ward or for-ward  
 on its rest-less wings, it flits for ev-er yet with-out a goal.

Like one that's bent on seeking out the lore  
 Of things to come in things that were before,  
 Stealing the taper from the old world's tomb  
 To light it through the future's deeper gloom.

It is the hidden principle of soul,  
 Which will not sleep amid a noon of light,  
 Which ponders still upon a doubtful scroll,  
 And spurns the lessons that are read at sight;  
 Which, more than present waters, loves to hear  
 The music of an unseen fountain play,  
 And fitter than the trumpet that is near,  
 The echo of a trumpet far away.

## FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER.

*William Boyce.*

Cher-ish faith in one an-oth-er When you meet in friend-ship's name;  
 In the true friend is a bro-th-er, And his heart should throb the same.

Oh, have faith in one another  
 When you speak a brother's vow;  
 It may not be always summer —  
 Not be always bright as now.

Yea, have faith in one another,  
 And let honor be your guide;  
 Let the truth alone be spoken,  
 Whatsoever may betide.

Tho' the false may reign a season —  
 And doubt not it sometimes will —  
 Yet have faith in one another,  
 And the truth shall triumph still.

## HEADS, HEARTS AND HANDS.

*George J. Elvey.*

Heads that think and hearts that feel, Hands that turn the wu-sy wheel,  
 Make our life worth liv-ing here, Round it out with joy and cheer.  
 Heads to plan what hearts shall do, Hearts to bear us brave-ly through  
 Think-ing head and toil-ing hand Are the mas-ters of the land.

When a thought becomes a thing,  
 Busy hands make hammers ring  
 Until honest work has wrought  
 Into shape the thinker's thought,  
 Lifting men to loftier height,  
 Filling all the age with light,  
 Spreading truth and rousing thought,  
 Loving God and fearing naught.

Hail to honest hearts and hands,  
 And to the head that understands—  
 Hands that never touched a bribe,  
 Hands that dare to truth subscribe;  
 Hearts that hate a deed unjust,  
 Hearts that other hearts can trust;  
 Heads that plan for others' weal,  
 Heads that rule o'er hearts that feel.

## OUR LIFE IS LIKE A HASTING STREAM.

Oh, let the soul its slum-ber break, A - rouse its sens-es  
 and a-wake, To see how soon Life with its glo-ry, glides a-way  
 And the stern foot-steps of de-cay Come roll-ing on.

Alike the river's lordly tide,  
 Alike the humble-brooklet's glide,  
 To ocean's wave;  
 Death levels poverty and pride,  
 And rich and poor sleep side by side.  
 Within the grave.

Our birth is but the starting-place,  
 Life is the running of the race,  
 And death the goal;

There all life's glittering toys are brought,  
 The path alone of all unsought  
 Is found of all.

1810.  
EVENING.

MAJOR MODAL  
EVENING HYMN.

61

The good God made.

Wel-come, ye deep and si-lent shades, That veil the glow-ing West!

Hour of re-po-<sup>s</sup>e, Soft-ly it flows, Dif-fus-ing balm-y rest.

Author of all the countless worlds  
The vault of heaven displays  
Awed by Thy power,  
Thee we adore,  
And chant our evening lays.

Under those eyes which never close  
We lay us down to sleep,  
Hearer of prayer,  
Take us Thy care,

And safe our slumbers keep  
Soon as the sun, with new-born rays  
Relumes the Eastern skies,  
Source of all light,  
Bear on our sight  
And bless our waking eyes.

## ADON OLAM

Andante con moto.

Sulzer.

*mf*

A - dōn ò - lam a shér ma - lach  
Lord of the world, He reigned a - lone

be - tē - rěm Kol ye - tsir nív - ra  
While yet the un - i - verse was naught,

le - ès ná - a sa ve chéf tsō kol  
When by His will all things were wrought,

A - zár me - lěch she - mō niq - ra.  
Then first His sov ran name was known.

Ve<sup>g</sup>acharē kīchlōs hakkōl  
 Levaddō yimlōch nōra,  
 Vehū hayā vēhū hōvē,  
 Vehū yīhyē besifara.

And when the All shall cease to be  
 In dread lone splendor He shall reign  
 He was, He is, He shall remain  
 In glorious eternity.

Vehū ēchad ve<sup>g</sup>ēn shēnī,  
 Lehams̄hīl lō lehachbīra,  
 Belī rēshīs belī sachlis  
 Velō ha-ōz vēhammisra.

For He is one, no second shares  
 His nature or His loneliness;  
 Unending and beginningless,  
 All strength is His, all sway He bears

Vehū êlī vēchai gōalī,  
 Vetsür chēvli bē<sup>g</sup>ēs tsara,  
 Vehū nissi umānōs lī,  
 Menas kōsī beyōm ēqra.

He is the living God to save,  
 My Rock while sorrow's toils endure,  
 My banner and my stronghold sure,  
 The cup of life whene'er I crave.

Beyādō afqid rūchī,  
 Be<sup>g</sup>ēs išhan ve<sup>g</sup>a īra,  
 Ve<sup>g</sup>im rūchī ge<sup>g</sup>vīyāsī,  
 Adōnoi lī velō īra.

I place my soul within His palm,  
 Before I sleep as when I wake,  
 And though my body I forsake,  
 Rest in the Lord in fearless calm.

**CLOSING HYMN**

end of page

*J. H. Knecht.*

When this song of praise shall cease Let Thy people, Lord, de-part



With the bless-ing of Thy peace, And Thy love in ev'-ry heart.



Oh, where'er our path may lie,  
Father, let us not forget  
That we walk beneath Thine eye,  
That Thy care upholds us yet.

Blind are we, and weak and frail:  
Be Thine aid for ever near;  
May the fear of sin prevail  
Over every other fear.

## EN KELOHĒNU.

German

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses soprano and alto voices. The middle staff uses soprano and bass voices. The bottom staff uses bass and tenor voices. The lyrics are written below each staff, corresponding to the notes. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines, and the piano accompaniment is indicated by vertical stems.

*German*

1. En kē - lō - hē - nū, En ka - dō -  
Nō - dē - le - lā - hē - nū, Nō - dē - la - a -  
nē - nū, En ke - mal -  
nē - nū, Nō - dē - le - mal -

kē - nū, En k'mō - shī - ē - nū.  
kē - nū, Nō - dē - l'mō - shī - ē - nū.

2. Mī kē - lō - hē - nū, Mī kā - dō -  
4. Ba - rūch e - lō - hē - nū, Ba - rūch a - dō

The musical score consists of six staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the notes, alternating between two languages: Chinese and German. The lyrics are as follows:

ne - nū, Mî ke - mal -  
ne - nū, Ba - rûch mal -  
ke - nū Mî k'mô - shî - ê - nū.  
ke - nū Ba - rûch mō - shî - ê - nū.  
5. At - ta hû e - lô - hê - nû, At -  
ta hû a - dô - nê - nû, At - ta hû mal -  
ke - nû, At ta hû mō - shî - ê - nû.

***TRANSLATION.***

There is none like our God,  
None like our Lord,  
None like our King,  
None like our Savior.

Who is like our God,  
Who like our Lord,  
Who like our King,  
Who like our Savior ?

We will thank our God,  
We will thank our Lord,  
We will thank our King,  
We will thank our Savior.

Blessed be our God,  
Blessed be our Lord,  
Blessed be our King,  
Blessed be our Savior.

Thou art our God,  
Thou art our Lord,  
Thou art our King,  
Thou art our Savior.

## RESOLVE.

*J. B. Dykes.*

In - to the tomb of ag - es past An - oth - er year hath  
now been cast; Shall time un-heed-ed take its flight, Nor  
leave one ray of high-er light That on man's pil-grim-  
age may shine And lead his soul to spheres di-vine?

Ah! who of us, if self-reviewed,  
Can boast unfailing rectitude?  
Who can declare his wayward will  
More prone to righteous deeds than ill?  
Or, in his retrospect of life,  
No traces find of passion's strife?

With firm resolve your bosoms nerve  
The God of right alone to serve;  
Speech, thought, and act to regulate  
By what His perfect laws dictate;  
Nor from His holy precepts stray,  
By worldly idols lured away.

Peace to the House of Israel!  
May joy within it ever dwell!  
May sorrow on the opening year,  
Forgetting its accustomed tear,  
With smiles again fond kindred meet,  
With hopes revived the festal greet!

**ANOTHER YEAR.***W. H. Monk.*

I know not what the year may bring, Nor know I what the  
 year may take, But, take or bring what-e'er it may, I  
 know that there can come no day In which I may not  
 trust and sing "The Lord my soul will not for - sake"

Should care be mine, or loss of health,  
Or poverty, or loss of friends,  
Since God the Lord of All is mine,  
My soul shall never fear or pine;  
For happiness comes not of wealth,  
Nor joy on earthly source depends.

With God's forgiveness for the past,  
And with His grace for days in store,  
Though short or long those days may be,  
The future hath no dread for me;  
He will be with me to the last,  
His love be mine for evermore.

Come bane or blessing, good or ill,  
All things are under His control;  
The boundless Universe His care,  
I none the less His mercy share,  
And all things serve to work His will  
For the best welfare of my soul.

So will I start the year with song,  
And bless God's name from day to day;  
Both when the sky is clear and bright  
And 'mid the darkness of the night,  
Through all, I will His praise prolong,  
And praising pass from earth away.

## GONE ANOTHER YEAR.

Gone an-oth - er year\_\_ Gone be-yond re - call;  
 Closed its smile and tear,

Closed its joy and thrall.

Vain is now lament,  
 Naught thou canst efface;  
 Though thou now repent,  
 Naught thou canst erase.

Dawns another year—  
 Open it aright;  
 Thou shalt have no fear  
 In its fading light.

Live that not a stain,  
 Live that not a deed  
 May awaken pain,  
 May erasure need.

## FROM EVENTIDE TO EVENTIDE.

*J. Scheffler.*

To Thee we give our-selves to - day; For - get - ful  
of the world out - side, We tar - ry in Thy  
house, O God, From ev - en - tide to ev - en - tide.

From Thine all-searching, righteous eye  
Our deepest heart can nothing hide;  
It crieth up to Thee for peace  
From eventide to eventide.

Who could endure, shouldst Thou, O God,  
As we deserve, for ever chide?  
We therefore seek Thy pardning grace  
From eventide to eventide.

Oh, may we lay to heart how swift  
The years of life do onward glide  
So learn to live that we may see  
Thy light at our life's eventide!

## THE WAY TO PEACE.

*A. L. Peace, Mus. D.*

Thy faith-ful serv-ant, Lord, doth yearn For Thy con-sol-ing grace;

Spread ov- er him its shield-ing wing, His guilt do Thou ef - face.

Were not Thy word, "Turn back from sin  
And I will turn to thee,"  
I, like a helmsman in the storm  
Would, helpless, face the sea.

To Thy despondent servant show  
The path of penitents:  
He striveth painfully for words  
To tell how he repents.

O God, I tremble when I mark  
How day on day is lost,  
And yet my heart, by passions ruled,  
Still to and fro is tossed.

Oh, let my penitence to day  
Be my soul's surety;  
Contrite I vow to serve Thee well;  
Be merciful to me !

## IN PEACE WITH ALL.

*Jos. Barnby.*

In peace with all the world we'll live, Nor  
let our an-gry pass-ions burn, But when we suf-fer  
we'll for-give And good for e-vil well re-turn.

And we'll forgive, and we'll forget,  
And conquer every sullen word;  
Unkindness shall with love be met,  
And evil overcome with good.

It is not pride, it is not strife,  
Nor bitter thoughts nor angry deeds  
Which gild with joy the days of life:  
Resentment still to sorrow leads.

When love shall triumph, love alone  
Within our hearts shall ever reign;  
Our foes subdued, its power shall own,  
And once loved friends be friends again.

## THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING GLORY OF GOD.

*F. J. Haydn.*

The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high,

With all the blue e - the - real sky,

And span - gled heavens a shin - ing frame,

Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.

Th' unwearied sun from day to day  
Does his Creator's power display;  
And publishes to every land,  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;  
And nightly, to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;  
What though no real voice, or sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing as they shine:  
“The hand that made us is divine”

## GOD'S MERCIES.

*H. S. Oakeley.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music in common time, key signature of three flats. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

- Staff 1: Our Fa - ther, to \_ Thy love\_ we owe
- Staff 2: All that is fair and good be - low.
- Staff 3: Life, and the health that makes\_ life sweet,
- Staff 4: Are bless - ings from\_ Thy mer - cy seat.

The music features various note values including quarter notes, eighth notes, and sixteenth notes, with rests and dynamic markings like forte and piano. The bass line provides harmonic support throughout the piece.

O Giver of the quickening rain!  
O Ripener of the golden grain!  
From Thee the cheerful dayspring flows;  
Thy balmy evening brings repose.

Thy frosts arrest, Thy tempests chase  
The plagues that waste our helpless race;  
Thy softer breath, o'er land and deep,  
Wakes Nature from her winter sleep.

Yet deem we not in this alone  
Thy bounty and Thy love are shown,  
For we have learned with higher praise  
And holier names to speak Thy ways.

In woe's dark hour our kindest stay,  
Sole trust when life shall pass away;  
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom  
Of death and consecrate the tomb.

Patient with headstrong guilt to bear,  
Slow to avenge and kind to spare,  
Listening to prayer, and reconciled  
Full soon to Thy repentant child.

**FINDING GOD.***Ch.Gounod.*

Three things there are that to my eyes Pro-claim Thy name in  
 cer-tain wise; I see Thee there in var-i-ous guise.

I find Thee in the heaven blue  
 That round the earth — Thy witness true —  
 Doth wind about, for all to view.

The earth itself, my dwelling-place,  
 Calls to my spirit, in its face  
 Thee, mighty Master, there to trace.

And thou my soul, praise joyously  
 Thy God, whom while beholding thee,  
 I clearly there revealed see.

## THE HOPE OF NATIONS.

W. H. Monk.

The sul-len ice has crept from many fields; The con-flict, tho' so  
 tur-bu-lent, is past; A-gain the spring its wealth of ver-dure  
 yields: The prob-ing sun has con-quered cold at last.

It is the Paschal of reviving earth,  
 The longed for resurrection of its charms;  
 Each bud, prophetic type of freedom's birth,  
 A conquest each o'er winter's dread alarms.

And all the sunny joys, till now concealed,  
 Are emblems bright of freedom's blessed morn,  
 When Israel's rescue first that truth revealed:  
 "To free and equal rights all men are born!"

Then let our festival to all proclaim  
 Who yearn for liberty's enkindling sun,  
 And let the nations join the glad acclaim,  
 "Our God is One—Humanity is one!"

**PASSOVER.****Exodus XV.***Traditional Melody.*

To Thee, a-bove all crea-tures'gaze, To Thee, whom earth and

heav-en praise, Whose ev-er watch-ful pro - vi - dence Proves

dai-ly Thine om - ni - po-tence To Thee our thanks in

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics "chor-us rise. To Thee our thanks in chor-us rise." are written below the notes. The music consists of two measures of music followed by a repeat sign and another two measures.

Thou didst redeem the captive band,  
Who were enslaved by tyrants' hand;  
Their cries were heard, their groans were stilled,  
Their yearning hopes at last fulfilled,  
: And freedom dawned on Israel:

O God, Thy children recognize  
With grateful hearts this precious prize;  
Thy people at this holy shrine  
Proclaim aloud Thy power divine:  
:"The Lord will reign for evermore!" :

## THE GROWING DAY.

J. B. Dykes.

Oppressions shall not always reign; There comes a brighter day,  
When freedom burst from ev'-ry chain, Shall have tri - umph-ant sway.

Then right shall over might prevail,  
And truth's full-armed array  
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,  
And hold eternal sway.

What voice shall bid the progress stay  
Of truth's victorious car?  
What arm arrest the growing day,  
Or quench the solar star?

What arm shall dare, tho' stout and strong,  
Restore the ancient wrong?  
Oppression's guilty might prolong,  
And freedom's morning bar?

The hour of triumph comes apace,  
The fated, promised hour,  
When earth upon a ransom'd race  
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.

*Note. This hymn may also be sung to the Melody of Page 82 by repeating the last two lines of each verse.*

## MORAL FREEDOM.

*S. N. Godfrey.*

Free-men, we our char - tered right Hold from men who  
fought with might, And like bul-warks on the height Of all coun-tries stood.

Tyrants' threats and bribes they spurned,  
Back the oppressor's hosts they turned,  
Freedom for their sons they earned  
By their toils and blood.

Be their names immortalized  
Who their life-blood sacrificed,  
That a boon so dearly prized  
They for us might win.

Yet in vain our freedom, Lord,  
Bought with blood in battle poured;  
If, unfranchised by Thy word,  
We are slaves to sin.

## FAITH AND HOPE.

*H. Hiles.*

The world may change from old to new, From new to old a - gain,  
 Yet hope and heav'n for-ev-er true, With-in man's heart re-main.  
 The dreams that bless the wea-ry soul, The struggles of the strong,  
 Are steps to-ward some hap-py goal, The sto-ry of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower, Oh, no! it is no flattering lure,  
 The man to sow the seed, No fancy weak or fond,  
 Nor leaves fulfilment to the hour, When hope would bid us rest secure  
 But prompts again to deed; In better life beyond.  
 And ere upon the old man's dust Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin  
 The grass is seen to wave, His promise may gainsay;  
 We look through falling tears to trust The voice divine hath spoke within,  
 Hope's sunshine in the grave. And God cannot betray.

## IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

R. Schumann.

It is not death to die, To leave this weary road,  
 And, midst the brother-hood on high, To be at home with God.

It is not death to close  
 The eye long dimmed with tears,  
 And wake, in glorious repose,  
 To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear  
 The wrench that sets us free  
 From dungeon chains, to breathe the air  
 Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling  
 Aside this sinful dust,  
 And rise on strong exulting wing,  
 To live among the just.

## GOD'S LAW IS PERFECT.

Ps.CXIX v.161-166.

*W. Horsley.*

Un-veil my eyes, that of Thy law The won-ders I may see;

I am a pil-grim on this earth, Hide not Thy laws from me.

Against me princes spoke with spite  
 While they in council sate,  
 But I, Thy servant, did upon  
 Thy statutes meditate.

But of the perfect way of truth  
 My choice I've freely made;  
 Thy judgments, that most righteous are,  
 Before me I have laid.

Great peace have they who love Thy law,  
 Offence they shall have none;  
 I hope for Thy salvation, Lord,  
 When Thy commands I've done.

## THE FLORAL OFFERING.

Ps. LXXI v. 5-18.

*Arr. fr. F. Mendelssohn.*

Youth when de-vot-ed to the Lord, Is pleas-ing in his eyes,  
 A flow'r, tho' of-fered in the bud, Is no vain sac-ri - fice.

'Tis easier far if we begin  
 To fear the Lord betimes;  
 For sinners who grow old in sin  
 Are hardened by their crimes.

It saves us from a thousand snares  
 To mind religion young;  
 Grace shall preserve our following years,  
 And make our virtue strong.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee  
 Our hearts we now resign:  
 'Twill please us to look back and see  
 That our whole lives were Thine.

## RELIGION IN YOUTH.

*Thibaut IV.*

Hap-py who in ear - ly youth, While yet pure and in-no-cent,

Stores his mind with heavn-ly truth Life's un-fad-ing or-na-ment.

Happy who in tender years  
Leans on God for his support;  
Who life's bark by virtue steers,  
That it reach perfection's port.

Guide, O guide this hopeful band,  
Father, in Thy truth and light!  
May these children ever stand  
Firm in goodness and in right.

Thine, O God, these souls are Thine,  
Undefiled they came from Thee:  
Guide them in Thy love divine,  
Heirs of immortality.

## THE MORN OF LIFE.

Ecclesiastes XI v. 8-10.

*J. Barnby.*

Oh, in the morn of life, when youth With vi - tal ar - dor glows,

And shines in all the fair-est charms That beau-ty can dis - close,

Deep in thy soul before its powers  
Are yet by vice enslaved,  
Be Thy Creator's glorious name  
And character engraved.

Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud  
The sunshine of thy days,  
And cares and toils, in endless round,  
Encompass all thy ways;

Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,  
With vain regret, deplore,  
And sadly muse on former joys,  
That now return no more.

True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,  
In age will give thee rest:  
Oh, then, improve the morn of life,  
To make its evening blest.

## ISRAEL'S DUTY.

Prov. III v. 5 - 7.

Let Is - rael trust in God a - lone, And in His power con -

fide, For He is faith - ful to His word If

we in Him a - bide. His coun - cils must for -

ev - er stand; All na - tions bow to His com - mand.

Let Israel strive for truth alone  
 In love to bless mankind,  
 And in the bonds of brotherhood  
 All nations soon to bind,  
 So that they all, with one accord,  
 Acknowledge and obey the Lord.

## GOD'S LAW IS PERFECT.

(Psalm xix., Part ii.)

*J. B. Dykes.*

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key of G major. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass F-clef. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests, with a dynamic instruction 'p' (piano) at the beginning of the second measure.

The stat-utes of the Lord are just, And bringsin-cere de - light;

The musical score continues with two staves of music in common time, key of G major. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass F-clef. The music features eighth-note patterns and rests, with a dynamic instruction 'p' at the beginning of the second measure.

His pure com-mands in search of truth As-sist the fee-blest sight.

His perfect worship here is fix'd,  
On sure foundations laid;  
His equal laws are in the scales  
Of truth and justice weigh'd;

Of more esteem than golden mines,  
Of gold refined with skill,  
More sweet than honey, or the drops  
That from the comb distil.

My trusty councilors they are,  
And friendly warnings give.  
Divine rewards attend on those  
Who by Thy precepts live.

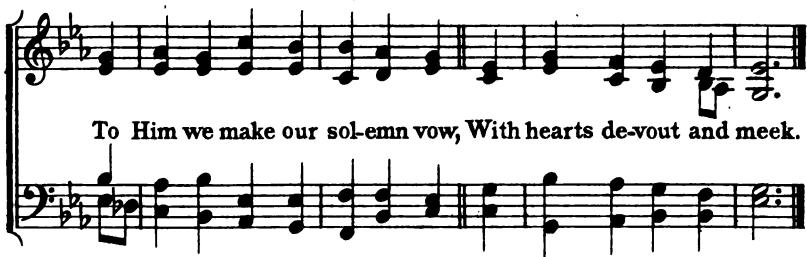
Let no presumptuous sin,O Lord,  
Dominion have o'er me,  
That,by Thy grace preserved,I may  
From all transgression flee.

So shall my prayer and praises be  
With Thy acceptance blest,  
And I secure on Thy defence,  
My strength and fortress rest.

## THE SOLEMN VOW.

*A. R. Reinagle.*

Wit-ness, ye men and wo-men, now Be-fore the Lord we speak;



To Him we make our sol-enn vow, With hearts de-vout and meek.

That, long as life itself shall last,  
Ourselves to God we yield,  
That from His cause we'll ne'er depart,  
To Whom our vows are sealed.

Lord, guide our faltering feet aright,  
And keep us in Thy ways,  
And while we turn our vows to prayers  
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

## PRAYER FOR GOD'S BLESSING.

*C. G. Strattner.*

Suppliant low, Thy child-ren bend, Fa-ther, for Thy bless-ing now;

Thou canst teach us, guide, de-fend; We are weak, al-might-y Thou.

With the peace Thy word imparts  
 Be the taught and teachers blest;  
 In our lives and in our hearts,  
 Father, be Thy laws impressed.

Shed abroad in every mind  
 Light and pardon from above,  
 Charity for all our kind,  
 Trusting faith and holy love.

Grant us spirits lowly, pure,  
 Errors pardoned, sins forgiven,  
 Humble trust, obedience sure,  
 Love to man, and faith in Heaven.

## THE OFFERING.

Is. I v.13-18.

*H. J. Gauntlett.*

Lord, what off'ring shall we bring As be-fore Thee we bend low?

Hearts, the pure, un-sul-lied spring Whence the kind af-fec-tions flow.

Willing hands to lead the blind,  
 Cheering words to soften woe,  
 Charity to all mankind,  
 Ever ready to bestow.

Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,  
 Thus to show our grateful mind,  
 Thus our hearts and souls to bring  
 Into service to mankind.

## SYMPATHY.

*A. Cottman.*

Let such as feel op-pres-sion's load Thy ten-der pi-ty share,  
 And let the help-less, hope-less poor Be thy pe-cu-liar care.

Go bid the hungry orphan be  
 With thine abundance blessed;  
 Invite the wanderer to thy gate,  
 And spread the couch of rest.

Let him who pines with piercing cold  
 By thee be warmed and clad;  
 Be thine the blissful task to make  
 The downcast mourner glad.

Then, pleasant as the morning light,  
 In peace shall pass thy days,  
 And heart-approving, conscious joy  
 Illuminate thy ways.

## HYMN OF HARVEST.

*H. J. E. Holmes.*

Lord of the har-vest, Thee we hail, Thy dai-ly bless-ings  
do not fail; The varying sea - sons haste their round;  
With good-ness all our years are crowned: Our thanks we pay This  
ho - ly day. Oh, let our hearts in tune be found!

When spring doth wake the song of mirth,  
When summer warms the fruitful earth,  
When winter sweeps the naked plain,  
When autumn yields its ripen'd grain,  
    We ever sing  
    To Thee, our King;  
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy bounteous hand  
New plenty scatters o'er the land,  
When sounds of music fill the air  
As homeward men earth's treasures bear,  
    We too will raise  
    Our hymn of praise,  
For we Thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest, all is Thine—  
The rains that fall, the suns that shine  
The seed once hidden in the ground,  
The skill that makes our fruits abound.  
    New every year  
    Thy gifts appear;  
New praises from our lips shall sound.

**LIVE FOR SOMETHING.***J. H. Willcox.*

Live for some-thing, be not i-dle; Look a-bout thee for em-ploy;



Sit not down in use-less dream-ing: La-bor is the sweet-est joy.



Fold-ed hands are ev-er wea-ry, Self-ish hearts are nev-er gay;





Scatter blessings in the pathway—  
Gentle words and cheering smiles;  
Better they than gold and silver,  
With their strife creating wiles.  
As the pleasant sunshine falleth  
Ever on the grateful earth,  
So let sympathy and kindness  
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary:  
Drop the tears of sympathy;  
Whisper words of hope and comfort;  
Give, and thy reward shall be  
Joy unto thy soul returning  
From this perfect fountain-head;  
Freely as thou freely givest  
Shall the grateful light be shed.

**BRIGHTER DAY.***A. A. J. Hervey.*

Oh, bright the day that dawn-eth now, And bright-er still shall be,



When gloom will van-ish from our brow, And tram-melled thoughts be free;



When truth shall gild our men-tal sky, And er-rors fade a-way:



Sure, know-ledge fair most fer-vent-ly Pro-claims the com - ing day.

When slaves no more shall walk the earth,  
Nor tyrants rule the hour,  
When man shall rise to greater worth  
In majesty and power,  
And Heaven's laws, as good supreme,  
Shall all his acts control,  
And virtue with its brightest beam  
Shall harmonize his soul.

Then let our hearts in joyous strain  
Sing loudest notes of praise,  
And knowledge seek—be this our aim—  
In all our walks and ways.  
In deepest cave or heavens high,  
In science or in art,  
Its treasures bright let none decry,  
But cherish in the heart.

## WORTH OF RELIGION.

Prov. III, 13-17.

*J. Barnby.*

Oh, hap-py is the man who hears Re - lig-ion's lov-ing voice,

And who ce-les-tial wis-dom makes His ear-ly, on - ly choice.

For she has treasures greater far  
 Than east or west unfold;  
 More precious are her bright rewards  
 Than gems or stores of gold.

Her right hand offers to the just.  
 Immortal, happy days;  
 Her left, imperishable wealth  
 And heavenly crowns displays.

And as her holy labors rise,  
 So her rewards increase;  
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 And all her paths are peace.

**THE LORD OUR PROTECTOR.**

Psalm cxxiv.

*Psalter.*



Had not the Lord, may Is-rael say, On Is-rael's side en-gaged,



The foe had quick-ly swal-lowed us, So fur-iou-sly he raged.



Had not the Lord Himself vouchsafed  
To check his fierce control,  
His adversary's dreary flood  
Had overwhelmed our soul.

But praised be our eternal Lord,  
Who left us not his prey!  
The snare is broke, his rage disarmed,  
And we again are free.

Secure in God's almighty name  
Our confidence remains;  
The God who made both heaven and earth  
Of both sole monarch reigns.

**FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.**

Slightly altered.

Friends of free-dom! ye who stand With no weap-on in your hand

Save a pur-pose stern and grand All men to set free,

Welcome! Freedom stands in need Of true men in thought and deed—

Men who have this on - ly creed, That they will not flee.

Though we are but two or three,  
Sure of triumph we should be;  
We our promised land shall see,

Though the way seems long;  
Every fearless word we speak  
Makes sin's stronghold bend and creak—  
Tyranny is always weak,  
Truth is always strong.

All the hero-spirits vast  
Who have sanctified the past,  
Bearing witness to the last.

Fight upon our part;  
We can never be forlorn;  
He who has a triumph borne  
From the Greek's and Syrian's scorn  
Gives us hope and heart.

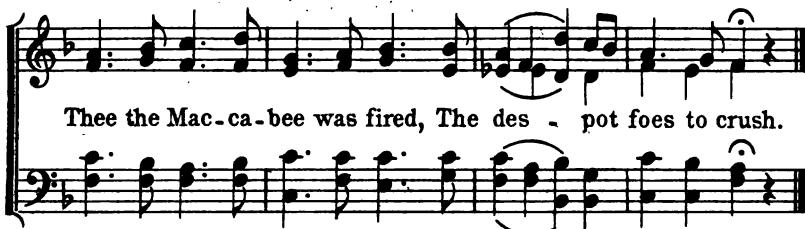
**HANUKKAH HYMN.***Traditional Hebrew Melody.*

Great Ar - bi - ter of hu - man fate, whose glo - ry

ne'er de - cays; To Thee a - lone we ded - i - cate the

song and soul of praise. Thy pres - ence Ju - dah's

host in - spired, On dan - ger's post to rush, By



Thee the Mac-ca-bee was fired, The des - pot foes to crush.

Amid the ruins of their land,  
 In *Salem's* sad decline,  
 Stood forth a brave but scanty band  
 To *battle* for their Shrine.  
 In bitterness of soul they wept,  
 Without the temple *walls*,  
 For weeds around its court had crept,  
 And *foes* camped in its halls.

Not long to vain regrets they yield,  
 But *for* their cherished fame,  
 Nerved by true faith, they take the field,  
 And *victory* obtain.  
 But whose the power, whose the hand,  
 Which thus to triumph *led*  
 That slender but heroic band  
 From *which* blasphemers fled?

'Twas Thine, O everlasting King  
 And *universal* Lord!  
 Whose wonder still Thy servants sing,  
 And *ever* shall record.  
 And thus shall Mercy's hand delight  
 To cleanse the blemished *heart*  
 Rekindle heaven's waning light,  
 And *truth* and peace impart.

**THY NEIGHBOR.**

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." — Lev. xix. 18.

*A. G. Mortimer.*

Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou Hast power to aid or bless;

Whose aching heart or burn-ing brow Thy sooth-ing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim;  
O enter thou his humble door  
With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup  
When sorrow drowns the brim;  
With words of high sustaining hope  
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'tis the weary slave,  
Fettered in mind and limb;  
He hath no hope this side the grave,  
Go thou and ransom him.

Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
A breaking heart from misery,  
Go, share his lot with him.

## LIFE IS ONWARD.

*J. B. Calkin.*

Life is on-ward: use it With a for-ward aim;  
 Toil is heav'n-ly: choose it, And its war-fare claim.  
 Look not to an - oth - er To per-form your will;  
 Let not your own broth-er Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward: heed it  
 In each varied dress;  
 Your own act can speed it  
 On to happiness.  
 His bright pinion o'er you  
 Time waves not in vain,  
 If hope chant before you  
 Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward: prize it  
 In sunshine and in storm;  
 Oh, do not despise it  
 In its humblest form.  
 Hope and joy together,  
 Standing at the goal  
 Through life's darkest weather,  
 Beckon on the soul.

## ASPIRATION.

*J. B. Calkin.*

One and u - ni - ver - sal Fa - ther! Here in rev-rent  
 thought we gath - er, Seek - ing light in hon - ring Thee;  
 Free our souls from er - ror's fet - ter; Make us wis - er,  
 make us bet - ter; Be our guide, our guard - ian be!

To the paths of life to win us,  
 Thou, O God! didst plant within us  
 Aspirations high and bright;  
 Bring us to Thy presence nearer,  
 Let us see Thy glories clearer,  
 Till all mists shall melt in light.

## THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

*J. Barnby.*

God moves in a mys - ter - ious way His won - ders to per - form:  
 He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up His bright designs,  
 And works His sovereign will.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust Him for His grace:  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour:  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan His work in vain:  
 God is His own interpreter,  
 And He will make it plain.

## THE GLORY OF GOD IN CREATION.

(Psalm lxxiv. 16,17.)

*Macdonald.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music, each with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature changes from G major (one sharp) to F major (no sharps or flats) and back to G major. The time signature is common time throughout. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a cursive script. The lyrics are as follows:

Thou art, O God! the life and light Of all this won-drous  
 world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night, Are  
 but re-flect-ions caught from Thee. Where-e'er we turn Thy  
 glo-ries shine, And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven,  
Those hues, that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'er shadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
And every flower the summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

**GOD THE ONLY COMFORTER.***A. Gottman.*

O Thou! who dry'st the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be,  
 If when de-ceived and wound-ed here, We could not fly to Thee!

The friends, who in our sunshine live,  
 When winter comes are flown;  
 And he who has but tears to give  
 Must weep those tears alone.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
 And even the hope that threw  
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears  
 Is dimmed and vanished too!

Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,  
 Did not Thy Wing of Love  
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom,  
 Our Peace branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright  
 With more than rapture's ray;  
 As darkness shows us worlds of light  
 We never saw by day.

## **THE WORTH OF SUFFERING.**

Oh, deem not that earth's crowning bliss  
Is found in joy alone;  
For sorrow, bitter though it be,  
Hath blessings all its own.

As blossoms smitten by the rain  
Their sweetest odors yield;  
As where thy plough has deepest struck,  
Rich harvests crown the field.

So to the hopes, by sorrow crushed,  
A nobler faith succeeds;  
And life, by trials furrowed, bears  
The fruit of loving deeds.

## TRUE FREEDOM.

*W. B. Gilbert, Mus. D.*

Men! whose boast it is that ye Come of fa-thers brave and free,  
If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru-ly free and brave?  
If ye do not feel the chain When it works a brother's pain,  
Are ye not base slaves, in-deed, Slaves un-wor-thy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break  
Fetters for our own dear sake,  
And with heathen hearts forget  
That we owe mankind a debt?  
No! true freedom is to share  
All the chains our brothers wear,  
And with heart and hand to be  
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the meek;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

## DUTIES OF TO DAY.

*Nicholas Douty.*

To day while the sun shines Work with a will.  
 To day all your du-ties With pa-tience ful - fil.  
 To day love the good-ness That's bet-ter than gold  
 And the truth seek whose val-ue Can nev-er be told

To day scatter brightness;

Wherever you go,

Gladness comes with the giving;

Waves grow as they flow.

To day is ours only;

Work, work while you may;

There is no to morrow;

But only to day.

## LIFE'S PURPOSE.

*J. B. Dykes.*

They err who meas-ure life by years, With false or thoughtless tongue;

Some hearts grow old be-fore their time; Oth-ers are al-ways young.

'Tis not the number of the lines  
On life's fast-filling page,  
'Tis not the pulse's added throbs  
Which constitute their age.

Some souls are serfs among the free,  
While others nobly thrive;  
They stand just where their fathers stood;  
Dead, even while they live.

Others, all spirit, heart, and sense,  
Theirs the mysterious power  
To live in thrills of joy or woe,  
A twelvemonth in an hour.

Seize, then, the minutes as they pass;  
The woof of life is thought;  
Warm up the colors; let them glow  
With fire of virtue fraught.

Live to some purpose; make thy life  
A gift of use to thee:  
A joy, a good, a golden hope,  
A heavenly argosy.

## PROVIDENCE.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove;  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee.

## OUR GUIDING STAR.

Psalm xxxvii 3.

*Arr. fr. Mendelssohn.*

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff is for voice and piano, and the bottom staff is for piano. The lyrics are written below the music.

Courage, brother, do not stumble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;

There's a star to guide the humble: "Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary,  
 And its end far out of sight,  
 Foot it bravely! strong or weary,  
 "Trust in God and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning!  
 Perish all that fears the light!  
 Whether losing, whether winning,  
 "Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
 Some will flatter, some will slight;  
 Cease from man and look above thee:  
 "Trust in God and do the right."

## THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.

Habakuk II v. 20

J. B. Dykes.

God is in His ho-ly tem-ple: Earth-ly thoughts, be si-lent now,  
 While with rev'rence we as-sem-ble, And be-fore His pres-ence bow.  
 He is with us now and ev-er, When we call up-on His name,  
 Aid-ing ev'-ry good en-deav-or, Guid-ing ev'-ry up-ward aim.

God is in His holy temple,—  
 In the pure and holy mind;  
 In the reverent heart and simple;  
 In the soul from sense refined:  
 Then let every low emotion  
 Banished far and silent be,  
 And our souls in pure devotion,  
 Lord, be temples worthy Thee!

**SPEAK GENTLY.***J. B. Calkin.*

Speak gen-tly: it is bet-ter far To rule by love than fear;

Speak gen-tly: let no harsh words mar The good we might do here

Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the careworn heart;  
The sands of life are nearly run;  
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,  
Let no harsh tones be heard;  
They have enough they must endure  
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know  
They may have toiled in vain;  
Perchance unkindness made them so;  
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently: 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy, which it may bring  
Eternity shall tell.

## THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power;  
There's fruit in each wind wafted seed  
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart  
And call it back to life;  
A look of love bid sin depart  
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless, none can tell  
How vast its power may be;  
Nor what result infolded dwell  
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be;  
God is with all that serve the right,  
The holy, true, and free.

## WHAT IS MAN.

Psalm VIII v. 4-10.

*Russell King Miller*

Child of the earth! O lift thy glance To yon bright firmament's expanse;

The glories of its realms explore, And gaze, and wonder, and a-dore!

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light  
That sparkle through the shades of night!  
Behold them—can a mortal boast  
To number that celestial host?

What then art thou, O child of clay!  
Amid creation's grandeur, say?  
E'en as an insect on the breeze;  
E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas!

Yet fear thou not!—the sovereign hand  
Which spread the ocean and the land,  
And hung the rolling spheres in air,  
Hath e'en for thee a father's care.

Be thou at peace! The all-seeing eye,  
Prevading earth, and air, and sky—  
The searching glance which none may flee,—  
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

## GOOD SHALL FALL AT LAST TO ALL.

Oh, yet we trust that, somehow, good  
Will be the final goal of all,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we knew not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall,  
At last, far off, at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

## CREATOR SPIRIT.

*H. S. Oakley.*

O Source of un - cre - at - ed light, By whom the  
 worlds were raised from night: Come vis - it ev' - ry  
 pi - ous mind; Come, pour Thy joys - on hu - man kind.

Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,  
 Inflame and sanctify our hearts,  
 Our frailties help, our vice control,  
 Submit the senses to the soul.

## DIVINE MEANING IN HUMBLE THINGS.

Thou, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's height,  
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,  
Oh, grant that we may own Thy hand  
No less in every grain of sand!

Teach us that not a leaf can grow  
Till life from Thee within it flow;  
That not a grain of dust can be,  
O Fount of being! save by Thee;

That every human word and deed,  
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,  
Hath solemn meaning from above,  
Begun and ended all in love.

## REWARD OF GIVING.

*F. R. Havergal.*

See the riv-ers flow-ing Downward to the sea, Pour-ing all their  
 treas-ures Boun - ti-ful and free; Yet to help their giv- ing  
 Hidden springs a - rise; Or, if need be, showers Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers  
 Their rich fragrance spread,  
 Load the air with perfumes  
 From their beauty shed;  
 Yet their lavish spending  
 Leaves them not in dearth,  
 With fresh life replenished  
 By their mother-earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures;  
 From fair nature learn;  
 Give thy love,—and ask not,  
 Wait not a return.  
 And the more thou spendest  
 From thy little store,  
 With a double bounty  
 God will give thee more.

## **PSALM OF PRAISE.**

**Psalm CXLVIII.**

Praise the Lord of Heaven, praise Him in the height,  
Praise Him, all ye angels, praise Him, stars and light;  
Praise Him, skies and waters, which above the skies,  
When His word commanded, 'stablished did arise.

Praise the Lord, ye fountains of the deeps and seas,  
Rocks, and hills, and mountains, cedars and all trees;  
Praise Him, clouds and vapors, snow, and hail, and fire,  
Stormy wind, fulfilling only His desire.

Praise Him, fowls and cattle, princes and all kings,  
Praise Him, men and maidens, all created things,  
For the Name of God is excellent alone;  
Over earth His footstool, over heaven His throne.

## GOOD LIFE.

*J. B. Calkin.*

He liv - eth long who liv - eth well, All  
else is life but flung a-way: He liv - eth long-est  
who can tell Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill the hours with what will last;  
Buy up the moments as they go:  
The life above when this is past  
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

## HOUR OF PRAYER.

*J.B. Dykes.*

My God! is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to  
 evn-ing star, As that which calls me to Thy feet, The hour of prayer?

Words cannot tell what blest relief  
 Here from my every want I find,  
 What strength for warfare, balm for grief;  
 What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt; gone every fear;  
 My spirit seems in heaven to stay:  
 And e'en the penitential tear  
 Is wiped away.

**GLORY TO GOD.**

Psalm XCV v 1-7.

*Sir John Goss.*

To Je-ho-vah, God of might, Ev-er-last-ing, in - fi-nite,

Dwell-ing in His bound-less heav'n, Be e-ter-nal glo-ry giv'n!

His the pow'r, the love, the light, His the day and His the night,

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the bottom staff is for the bass voice, and the right hand of the piano is shown. The music consists of two staves and a piano part, all in common time and G major. The vocal parts are mostly eighth-note chords, while the piano part features eighth-note patterns.

His the hap-py blue on high, Earth's green round of spring and joy.

Life with all its changes here,  
Hopes that rise above this sphere,  
Visions of the far and nigh,  
Gleams of glad eternity,  
Peace that soothes the aching soul,  
Health that makes the wounded whole,  
Love that fills the heart with bliss,  
Song and silence, all are His.

Let us, then, our honor bring,  
To this mighty Lord and King,  
Let a new and ceaseless song  
Break from every heart and tongue.  
Praise Him as the God of might,  
Praise Him as the Lord of light,  
To His name our song we raise,  
Him let man forever praise.

## ABIDE IN ME.

*J. Langran.*

A-bide in me, O Lord, and I in Thee; From this good  
hour, O leave me nev-er - more; Then shall the dis-cord  
cease, the wound be healed, The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide with me; o'ershadow with Thy love  
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;  
Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire;  
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

Abide in me: there have been moments blest,  
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power;  
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,  
Owned the Divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;  
Abide in me, and they shall ever be.  
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer;  
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

## **TRUE OBJECT OF PRAISE.**

“Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us,”  
The praise or honor, power or glory be !  
Our naked spirit bows in shame and dust,  
And empty all our nothingness to Thee.

“Not unto us!” How trifling all our might,  
Our toils or talents, gifts or growth or grace;  
Nothing, and less than nothing, in Thy sight,  
Our works, ourselves! before Thy glorious face.

“Not unto us,” the grass, the flowers, the trees  
Breathe in low whispers when the sunshine rains;  
“Not unto us,” the beasts, the birds, the breeze  
Responsive murmur o'er the hills and plains.

“Not unto us,” O Lord of lords supreme,  
Whate'er we work, Thou workest; Thine the praise;  
O wake us, cleanse us, light us with Thy beam,  
And work, in us, through us to endless days.

**GUIDE THOU MY STEPS.***J. B. Dykes.*

Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on!



The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on!



Guide Thou my steps; I do not ask to see



The dis - tant way, one step e - nough for me.

I was not always thus, nor prayed that Thou .

Wouldst lead me on.

I loved to see and choose my path—but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will—remember not past years.

Yet since Thy love is o'er me, sure it still

Shall lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, but lost awhile.

## PSALM XXIII.

*J. B. Dykes.*

The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth nev - er;  
I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.

Where streams of living water flow,  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy light before to guide me.

And so through all the length of days,  
Thy goodness faileth never;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house forever.

*T. Haweis.*

Father of mercies, God of love, Whose gifts all creature share,  
 The roll-ing sea-sons as they move Pro-claim Thy con-stant care.

When in the bosom of the earth,  
 The sower hid the grain,  
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
 And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence Lord, was Thine,  
 The seasons knew Thy call;  
 Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,  
 The summer dews to fall.

Thy gifts of merry from above  
 Matured the swelling grain;  
 And now the harvest crowns Thy love  
 And plenty fill the plain.

O ne'er may our forgetful hearts  
 O'erlook Thy bounteous care,  
 But what our Father's hand imparts  
 Still vow in praise and prayer.

H. J. Gauntlett.

God of mer-cy, God of love, Hear our true re-pen-tant songs:  
 Lis-ten to the suppliant ones, Thou, to whom all grace be-longs.

Deep our shame for follies past,  
 Talent wasted time misspent,  
 Hearts absorbed in worldly cares,  
 Thankless for the blessings lent.

Foolish fears and proud desires,  
 Vain regrcnts for things as vain,  
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
 Oft to murmur and complain.

These and every secret fault,  
 Filled with grief and shame we own:  
 Humbled, at thy feet we bow  
 Seekng strength from Thee alone.

God of mercy, God of love,  
 Hear our true repentant songs,  
 Oh, receive Thy suppliant ones,  
 Thou, to whom all grace belongs

J. B. Dykes.

Lord, when we bend be - fore Thy throne And our con-fess-ions pour

Teach us to feel the sins we own And hate what we de - plore.

Our broken spirits, pitying, see,  
True penitence impart;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share  
Which is not wholly Thine.

May faith each weak petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.

H. Baker.

Un - to the hills I lift mine eyes, Whence comes my  
 help, my help that lies In God, en - throned a -  
 bove the skies, Who made the heav'ns and earth to be.

He guides thy foot o'er mountain steeps,  
 He slumbers not, Thy soul who keeps,  
 Behold He slumbers not, nor sleeps,  
 Of Israel the guardian He.

He is Thy rock Thy shield and stay,  
 On Thy right hand a shade alway,  
 The sun neer smiteth Thee by day,  
 The moon at night neer troubles Thee.

The Lord will guard Thy soul from sin,  
 Thy life from harm without,within,  
 Thy going out and coming in,  
 From this time forth eternally.

arr by W. H. Monk.

A musical score for a hymn. It consists of three staves of music in common time, treble clef, and key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the music. The first two staves begin with a forte dynamic. The third staff begins with a piano dynamic.

Lord of all be-ing, throned a-far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star,  
 Cen-ter and soul of ev'-ry sphere, Yet to each lov-ing hearth how near.

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray  
 Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
 Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;  
 Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;  
 Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;  
 All, save the cloud of sin, are Thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,  
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love  
 Before Thy ever blazing throne  
 We ask no lustre of our own

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
 And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,  
 Till all Thy living altars claim  
 One holy light, one heavenly flame.

## PSALM XC.

*W. Croft.*

O God, our help in ag-es past, Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e-ter-nal home.

Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting Thou art God,  
 To endless years the same

A thousand ages in Thy sight,  
 Are like an evening gone;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night,  
 Before the rising sun.

Time like an ever rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away;  
 They fly forgotten as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day

O God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home

## GIVE GLORY TO THE LORD.

Give glory to the Lord on high,  
His wondrous power proclaim!  
Sons of the mighty sanctify,  
The glory of His name.

The God of glory thundereth,  
Upon the waters wide,  
The voice of God it echoeth,  
Across the flowing tide.

The voice of God the cedars breaks,  
On Lebanon that grow,  
The voice of God the desert shakes,  
And lays the forest low.

Before the flood the Lord was King,  
And will be evermore,  
And in His temple every thing,  
His glory doth adore.

The Lord unto His people will  
Give strength and food increase,  
The Lord will bless His people still  
With everlasting peace.

*Johann Crüger.*

Now bless the God of all Who peace to us has giv - en,

Whose light up-on us shines, And grace from high-est heav - en.

The God of Is-rael He, Up - on all men be - stows

The won-ders of that hand, From which all bless-ing flows.

*GENERAL.*

From our first day of life,  
When peacefully we rested  
Within our mother's arms,  
Untroubled unmolested,  
Thy love did bear us up  
Thy mercy never failed  
When we were weak Thy strength  
To make us strong availed.

O grant, Lord, that our hearts  
In joy may ever treasure  
That peace which Thou dost grant  
To men in boundless measure.  
And, Lord, our hands confirm  
To work for all mens' peace,  
Our God whose love is sure,  
Whose mercies never cease

*L. Bourgeois.*

All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:  
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,  
 Without our aid He did us make:  
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,  
 Approach with joy His courts unto:  
 Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
 For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,  
 His mercy is forever sure:  
 His truth at all times firmly stood,  
 And shall from age to age endure.

## ISRAEL'S MESSIANIC AGE.

When from pole to pole and from sea to sea, Man  
 to fel-low-man as broth-er will be; When ty-rant will cease and  
 sin no more rage, Then will be Is-rael's Mes-si-anic age.

When from pole to pole and from sea to sea,  
 All people free from hatred will be;  
 When nations no more in war will engage,  
 Then will be Israels Messianic age.

When from pole to pole and from sea to sea,  
 All men will enjoy right and liberty;  
 When God will be loved by child and by sage,  
 Then will be Israels Messianic age.

*Jewish Melody.*

The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns en-throned a - bove;

An - cient of ev - er - last-ing days, And God of love:

Je - ho - vah, Great I Am! By earth and heav'n con - fessed:

I bow and bless the sa-cred name, For - ev - er blest.

The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek my aid  
From His strong hand;  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power;  
And Him my only portion make  
My shield and tower.

He by Himself hath sworn,  
I on His oath depend;  
I shall on eagle's wings upborne  
To light ascend;  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore.

## OMNIPRESENCE.

When o'er earth is break-ing Ros-y light, and fair,  
 Morn a-far pro-claim-eth Sweet-ly: God is there.  
 When the Spring is wreath-ing Flow-ers, rich and rare,  
 On each leaf is writ-ten: Na-ture's God is there.

When the storm is raging  
 Through the midnight air,  
 Fearfully its thunder  
 Tells us: God is there.  
 All the wide world's treasures,  
 Rich, or grand, or fair,  
 In each feature beareth  
 Graven: God is there.

L. Mason.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee: E'en tho' it  
 suff'ring be That rais - eth me Still all my song shall be,  
 Near - er, my God, to Thee Near - er, my God, to Thee Near - er to Thee.

Though like the wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee  
 Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing  
 Cleaving the sky  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot  
 Upward I fly,  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

*J. B. Dykes.*

How blest are they, whose lives are pure And up-right in the way,  
 Who in the Lord's most ho-ly law Do walk and do not stray.

O blest are they, who to observe,  
 His statutes are inclined,  
 And who do seek their living God,  
 With all their heart and mind.

O that Thy statutes to observe,  
 Thou wouldst my way direct;  
 Then shall I not be shamed, when I  
 Thy precepts all respect

Upon thy statutes my delight,  
 Shall constanty be set,  
 And by Thy Grace I never will  
 Thy holy law forget.

arr. by H. Carey.

My coun - try 'tis of Thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 Of thee I sing; Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the  
 pilgrim's pride, From ev - ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.

My native country, thee  
 Land of the noble free,  
 Thy name I love;  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills;  
 My heart with rapture thrills  
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees  
 Sweet freedom's song:  
 Let mortal tongues awake,  
 Let all that breathe partake,  
 Let rocks their silence break,  
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
 Author of liberty  
 To Thee we sing:  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light;  
 Protect us by Thy might,  
 Great God, our King.

**COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.**  
The Red, White, and Blue.

David T. Shaw.

Maestoso.

1. O Co - lum-bia! the gem of the o - cean, The  
 2. When war winged its wide des-o - la-tion, And  
 3. "Old Glo - ry" to greet, now come hith-er, With

*mf*

home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-  
 threatened the land to de-form, The ark then of freedom's foun-  
 eyes full of love to the brim; May the wreaths of our he-ros ne'er

vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to  
 da - tion, Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the  
 with-er, Nor a star of our ban - ner grow

thee, Thy man - dates make he - roes as -  
 storm; With her gar - lands of vic - try a -  
 dim; May the ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er

sem - ble, When Lib-er - ty's form stands in  
 round her When so proud - ly she bore her brave  
 sev - er, But they to our col - ors prove

18

view;  
crew,  
true!      Thy ban-ners make ty - ran-ny  
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be-  
The arm-y and na - vy for-

trem - ble,  
fore her,  
ev - er,      Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

**Chorus.**

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,      Three  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,      Three  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,      Three  
white and blue,

cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,  
cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,  
cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,  
  Thy  
   With her  
   The  
   white and blue,

ban - ners make ty - ran-ny trem - ble,  
flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her,  
arm - y and na - vy for - ev - er,  
   Three  
   Three  
   Three

cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.  
cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.  
cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

*Samuel Arnold.*

1. O say can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so  
2. And war's clam-ors o'er with her man-tle hath peace Once a-  
3. O thus be it ev - er when free-men shall stand Be -



proud-ly we hailed at the twi-lights last gleaming; Whose broad  
gain, in its folds, the na-tion en-shrouded; Let no  
tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with



stripes and bright stars through the per - il - ous fight, O'er the  
fra - tri-cide hand, up - lift - ed e'er be The  
vict' - ry and peace, may the heaven-res-cued land Praise the

ram-parts we watched were so gal - lant-ly streaming, And the  
glo - ry to dim which now is un - cloud-ed: *Not as*  
pow'r that has made and preserved us a na - tion. Then

rock-ets red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave  
*North or as South in the fu -ture we'll stand, But as*  
con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there; O  
*bro-thers u - nit-ed through-out our broad land,* And the  
 this be our mot-to "In God is our trust," And the

say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet wave, O'er the  
 star-spangled ban-ner for ev-er shall wave, O'er the  
 star-spangled ban-ner in triumph shall

land of the free and the home of the brave.



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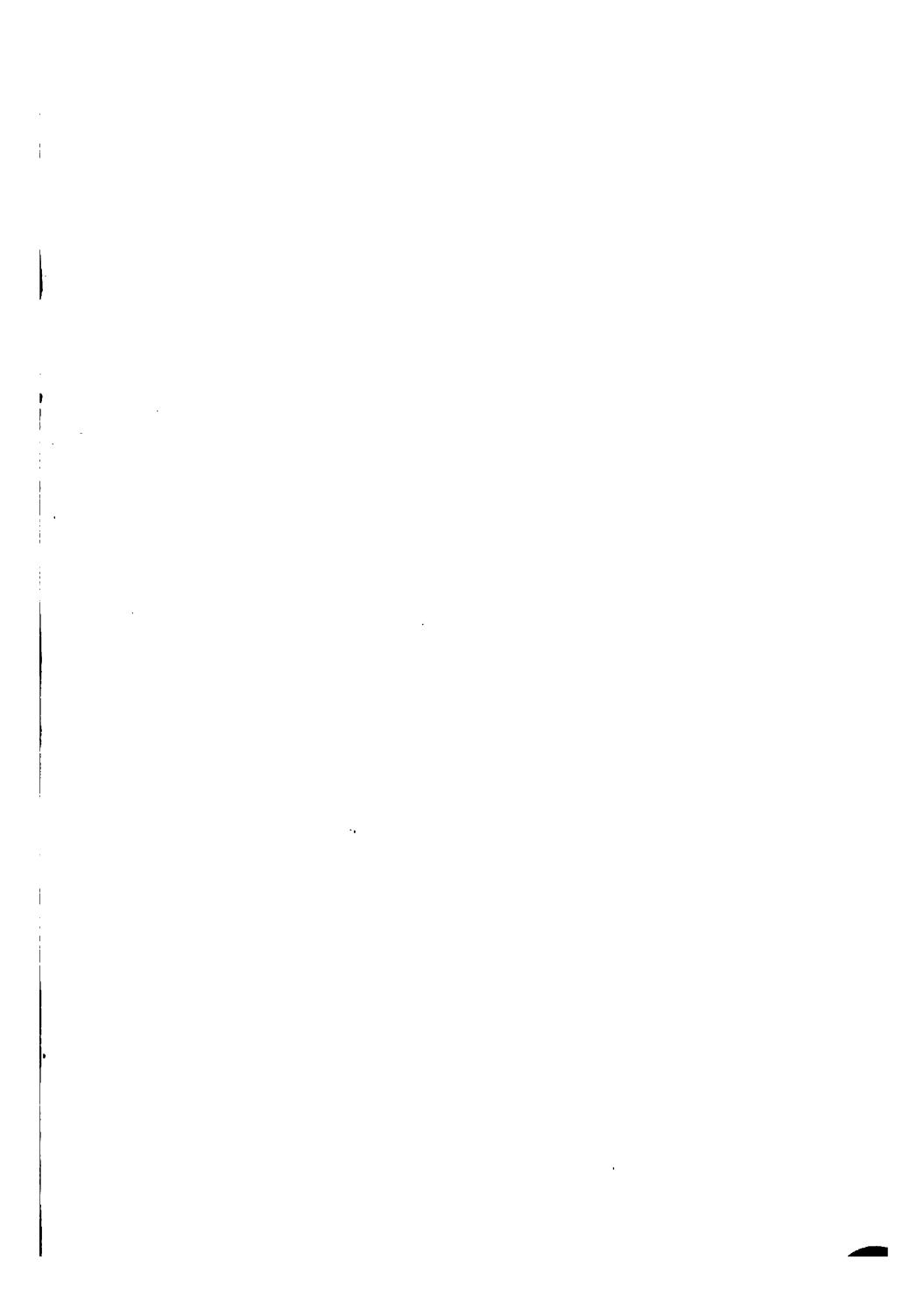
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